

T H E
VOLUNTARY EXILE,

IN FIVE VOLUMES,

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AUTHOR OF LUCY, &c. &c.

VOL. III.



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THE
VOLUNTARY EXILE.

CHAP. I.

“MY father was a man of very large property, a good, a worthy man; my mother one of the best of women, and tenderest of parents. Yes, though it brands me with the blackest ingratitude, and undutiful conduct, I will do their injured manes strict justice. One daughter, besides myself, were all the children that lived. We were

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tenderly brought up, and properly educated. I was three years younger than my sister ; she was agreeable in her person, but her disposition was haughty, vain and impetuous. It was my misfortune, at the age of eighteen, to attract more general notice than my sister, and as I was fond of my studies, and endeavoured to improve under the instructions I received, both my father and mother were uncommonly fond of me. The preference I was distinguished with, displeased and irritated my sister against me, and I was very often a sufferer from her ill-humour.

“ I was near nineteen, when two Gentlemen gave me to understand their partiality in my favour. One was a man of fortune and character, worthy and amiable, but without any striking advantages of either person or understanding, and near five-and-thirty ; the other was a young Englishman, sent over to a commercial house in this city by his father, who was a merchant, with a view to establish a reciprocal correspondence. —

This man was about three-and-twenty years of age, with a person uncommonly fine, polished manners, and the most insinuating address. Unhappily my weak heart had too readily admitted an unsuspected guest, and my mind a little addicted to romance, had pictured a thousand scenes of happiness in an union with Mr. Oliver: No sooner, therefore, had he found means to acquaint me with his passion, than the exquisite joy I felt at the declaration was but too visible through the thin veil of prudence and reserve I endeavoured to assume, and I gave him permission to apply to my father.

“ He appeared to be in extacies, and thanked me a thousand times for my condescension, saying, ‘ that from the moment he had determined to address me, he had written his intention to his father, thinking to obtain his sanction previous to making any overtures to mine; a delicacy he thought due to me, but that his passion augmenting every hour, and hearing that Mr. Barclay

had declared his partiality for me, his love could no longer brook restraint ; but terrified by the apprehension of a rival, he had ventured to declare himself to me, though he still waited for his answer from England before he proposed himself to my father, that he might be prepared to obviate every objection.'

" I was perfectly satisfied with this declaration, and very imprudently assured *him* of a preference to Mr. Barclay, or any other man ; an assurance he received with a transport that left no regret on my mind for the folly I had been guilty of. About three days subsequent to this, my mother, one morning after breakfast, asked me to walk with her into the garden ; we entered a little alcove at the bottom of it, and after being seated, she said, with a smiling countenance, ' Maria, I have news to tell you that I hope will not be disagreeable ; I am to congratulate you on a very desirable conquest you have made : Mr. Barclay yesterday requested your father's permission

permission to pay his addresses to you, a Gentleman so respectable, so amiable, my dear girl, that, I flatter myself, the proposal will prove as acceptable to you, as it is highly agreeable to your father and myself."

Shocked to death by this address of my mother's, I was incapable of an immediate reply. She saw my confusion.

"From whence arises your embarrassment, my dear child?" said she.

"Pardon me, my dear mother," I replied, hesitatingly; but, indeed, I must confess, Mr. Barclay is a man I never can approve of for a husband."

"I am astonished," cried she, "*you* never can approve of him! For Heaven's sake, Maria, what are your objections? Pray inform me; a man so truly estimable not to be approved of!"

“ The heart is sometimes capricious, my dear mother, and cannot always justify its emotions : I esteem Mr. Barclay, but never can receive him as a husband.”

“ Maria,” said she, in a tone of severity, “ you are become at once a new character. Your *love* cannot follow *esteem*. With you I thought they were synonymous terms. Can I be deceived ? Have you secrets you dare not communicate ? Have you reasons you blush to own for this rash and peremptory refusal ?” I was silent to these reproaches. She looked earnestly in my averted face. She took my hand : “ Forget not, my dear Maria, that I am your mother, your best friend, do not lock up your heart from *me* ; a modest young woman can have no secrets that can wound a parent’s ear. Speak, my dear child, candidly tell me your objections ; I am prepared to hear you with indulgence, if you are sincere and ingenuous.”

I had

I had by this time rallied my spirits, and blush to say I could resist the kindness of such a mother : Engaged by a rash and imprudent promise to Mr. Oliver, to be silent respecting him until his letters should arrive from England, I evaded my mother's inquiries, and simply answered, " that I had no secrets, but an unconquerable aversion to Mr. Barclay," fixing her eyes on mine with an expression, that covered me with blushes, " An aversion unwarrantable, and suddenly conceived, must have some latent cause you are ashamed to own ; perhaps a partiality for another, equally as unjustifiable."

" But recollect yourself, my dear girl, and remember, any attachments that may teach you to deceive a parent, to deny confidence in a tender mother, must be unworthy of your principles, of your duty ; the first step of a violation in truth leads you to the brink of destruction. Go, my child, (the child of my affection, whilst you hold fast your integrity) retire, consider on what has

past, and meet me after dinner in my own apartment."

Unable to speak, I courtesied, and returned to the house. I met my sister. She saw my confusion. "Well (said she, with a disdainful smile) am I to congratulate Mrs. Barclay? Why, child, you have made a notable conquest, a man almost *old enough to be your father!*"

This spiteful and ill-timed remark, with the loud laugh that accompanied it, determined me at once:—"No (I exclaimed mentally) no, I never will marry to be the derision of my companions, for uniting myself to a man so old: With Mr. Oliver I shall be the envy of every young woman, and the happiest of my sex. My choice then is fixed; but why may I not inform my mother, she can have no objections, if his father approves of his addresses? Various were the tormenting reflections I endured for several hours, and when I attended my
mother

mother I was as undecided how to act, as when I left her in the morning."

She received me with a kindness I little merited, and in the most soothing manner entreated me to be candidly unreserved with her. For a long time I resisted every persuasion; but when stung by my obstinacy, she warmly reproached me for entertaining a partiality towards some very unworthy object. I could not bear the reflection, but hastily asked, "If she thought Mr. Oliver unworthy of my regard?"

"Mr Oliver!" replied she, "Is *he* the man of your choice?"

I confessed he was, and having said too much, not to own all, I acknowledged every thing that had passed. My mother's countenance was clouded with sorrow, and when I stopped, "My dear Maria," said she, "I pity you and myself; I can allow for a prepossession in favour of a man whose exterior

is certainly much to his advantage ; but there I fear his merits end : He is vain, assuming, and, I have heard, unprincipled. Why should he wish to conceal his affections for you from your parents ? The pretended delicacy is ridiculous ; he might have obtained a conditional permission from us, had he openly solicited it when he wrote to his father. Be assured all concealments are wrong, they imply some hidden views that will not bear investigation. I own to you he is not the man with whom I should like to entrust my daughter's happiness, and I flattered myself your own good sense would make you rise superior to the folly of those girls, who, dazzled by the weak and superficial advantages of person, pass over those amiable qualities of the mind, and that goodness of heart, which alone can insure felicity in the marriage state. Not to tire you, Sir, I shall only say, that every argument, reason and tenderness could suggest, my dear mother urged to induce me to break off my connexion with Mr. Oliver ; but as my heart
revolted

revolted against her wishes, and my aversion to Mr. Barclay rose in proportion to her dislike of the other, I firmly declared I never would marry the one, whether I was ever permitted to unite myself to the other or not. My mother was astonished at an obstinacy so little correspondent with the former tenor of my conduct; she lamented the task upon her of informing my father that such were my resolutions, and left me with an earnest hope, that mature considerations would induce me to alter my sentiments, and conform to their wishes.

She had no sooner quitted me than I wrote to Mr. Oliver an account of every thing that had passed, and advised his immediate application to my parents. His answer shocked and mortified me: "He blamed me for disclosing his secret till a proper time," and added, "that being hourly in expectation of letters, he was determined to make no application before he could do it with honour to himself. He bid me not irritate my parents,

rents, nor yet encourage Barclay, but observe an equivocal kind of conduct for a short time to come."

This letter, so strange and unsatisfactory, an advice to a duplicity of behaviour which was so very reprehensible, gave me the most poignant uneasiness. I was humbled in my own eyes, because he justified my mother's observations to his disadvantage, and I determined, on our next meeting, to insist upon his explaining himself to my parents, or, on a refusal to break entirely with him. I must observe to you, that from the hour he had drawn me into an imprudent confession of my regard for him, he had entirely ceased visiting at our house, and I met him at the house of a common acquaintance. This circumstance ought to have opened my eyes to the impropriety of his behaviour and my own; but I was blinded by passion, and a dupe to his insinuation and artifice. That evening, however, whilst I felt resentment for the purport of his letter, I met him with
every

every mark of displeasure, and as I thought a firm determination to exert myself properly; alas! the moment he appeared, my anger was converted into grief, and from thence the transition was easy to tenderness. His irresistible eloquence, his gentle reproaches, his dangerous and infectious passion, all together soon wrought an entire revolution in my mind, I was convinced that he was right in his intentions, and that my reliance on his honour was meritorious; that my parents were arbitrary, and Mr. Barclay unworthy of my regard from the *indelicacy* of making a first application to them. In short, our love seemed more firmly established than ever, and he bid me hope, that within a few days he should be authorised by his father to make such proposals as mine could not refuse, and must distance Mr. Barclay for ever.

I returned home, resolved to bear any persecution rather than comply with my parents wishes. My father met me with an
averted

averted eye; my mother followed me to my chamber; I confessed I had seen Mr. Oliver, and was satisfied he would soon make such an application as could not be rejected, if they were desirous of my real happiness. — She left me without a word. I passed an uneasy night, for though love had hoodwinked my reason, it had not entirely subdued a conscious sense of the duty and affection I owed to the authors of my being, nor from feeling a repugnance at carrying on a clandestine correspondence so wounding to decorum, and mortifying to my own consequence. The next day, after breakfast, my mother and sister being in the room, the carriage drew up to the door. My father entered the room, with a severe and scornful look at me. He told my mother “all was ready.”

“ Maria (said she) we are going to spend the day in the country, come with us.” She took my hand; a servant entered with my hat

hat and cloak : I stammered out some objection.

“ Follow your mother,” cried my father, in a voice of passion.

I tremblingly obeyed. Our country-house was about ten miles from the city. On our arrival my father informed me, “ He had taken me out of the way of a scoundrel, that I might make myself easy respecting Mr. Barclay, as he had too much honour to seek a repugnant hand.”

He returned immediately to town, and in the evening my clothes were brought, and convinced me my stay in the country was determined on. It is unnecessary to enlarge on my vexation. My sister was my shadow. I was seldom alone, and could devise no means to let Mr. Oliver know my situation. I had been three days there ; my mother, my affectionate mother, endeavoured, by every gentle persuasion, to convince me of my

my lover's unworthiness, that it was impossible he could mean honourably, when he avoided an explanation with my father. She was urging this point very forcibly, when a letter was brought to her. When she had perused it she gave it to me; it was from my father. He said in it, "That at length he had met with Oliver, and on questioning him, respecting his sentiments for his daughter, he replied, with an air of insolent carelessness, "That it was true he had a great regard for Miss Maria, and if his father approved of his intentions, he should explain himself in a proper manner; till then he should be drawn into no declarations, nor be fettered or upbraided, if he found it proper to alter his present plan."

My father, a man of respectability and integrity, was so exceedingly exasperated, that he told him, "His behaviour, so very impertinent and illiberal, had confirmed him in a resolution never to give him a daughter of his, should his father's approbation be followed

followed by millions." On this they parted, and my father in his letter adds, " If Maria is our child, she will renounce a connexion so unworthy of herself and us."

This letter gave me the most painful emotions I ever felt in my life, and had I possessed one grain of proper pride, would have preserved me from ruin ; but the most unpardonable weakness seduced my mind from the duty I owed to my parents, and I fell a victim to my own folly. That very night, when I had retired to my room to avoid the searching eye of my mother, and the taunting inuendos of my sister, one of the maids hastily entered, and threw a letter upon the table ; I caught it up, it was from Mr. Oliver ; he there represented the conversation with my father in a very different point of view, in my partial judgment cleared himself, and threw all the blame on my father's violence and dislike to him. He conjured me to love him still, to expect hourly *his* father's approbation, when he would openly assert his pretensions

tensions to me in the face of the world. — Mean time he begged me to give him a meeting the following evening in a walnut-tree walk behind the house, where he would be in waiting.

Simple, credulous and undutiful, far from being offended with his past conduct, I eagerly anticipated the hours until the next evening arrived, when, pretending to withdraw to my apartment, I hastened to the walk where I expected to meet my lover. He flew to me with transport, and instead of reproaches I received him with joy too plainly demonstrative of my affection, and gave him but too many proofs of the power he held over my heart. He conjured me to meet him every other night, having bribed the maid to his interest, who would conceal him in the summer-house at the bottom of the walk. To this imprudent request I assented, and we parted with mutual satisfaction. Not to dwell on circumstances which cover me with confusion, and has entailed on me everlasting

lasting shame and remorse, I can only say these improper meetings were attended with ruin to myself, and triumph to my unworthy seducer. Ashamed to encounter the eyes of my mother, mortified at the superiority of my sister, plunged into guilt, and unable to recover from a situation so replete with shame and self-reproach, my constitution was too weak to endure the horrors of my mind, and I appeared sinking fast under a nervous affection. My dear mother, alarmed at my illness, removed to town for medical advice, and fell a sacrifice to her maternal tenderness for an unworthy object. As we alighted from the carriage, a person passed us, fresh and just recovered from the small-pox. My mother unhappily fixed her eyes on the woman, and involuntarily shrieked. From that hour she sickened, and within a few days that terrible disorder appeared in its worst form. Sensible of her danger, the only day that she had the power of speaking from the soreness of her throat, she exerted herself in the tenderest manner to speak peace to my mind,

mind, and to persuade my father, that, if the elder Mr. Oliver gave permission for his son's addresses, no longer to oppose our union. Never shall I forget that day and the following night which deprived me of the best of mothers, who died unconscious of the depravity of an unworthy daughter.

What my feelings were I cannot describe ; happy would it have been for me had I followed her to the peaceful grave ! After the funeral was over, Mr. Barclay came to see us. His behaviour to me was attentive and respectful. The first moment we were alone, he requested me to see him, as a friend ready to sacrifice his own wishes for my happiness. He said, " He was going over to France to remain for two or three years ; he had reason to think Mr. Oliver would soon be obliged to return to England, as there was now but little hopes of an accommodation between the two countries ; he had therefore spoken to my father to give his consent, and accelerate

lerate the match, lest party rage should separate us for ever."

O, what did I not feel at such marks of friendship I had so little deserved! How painful my reflections! How great the contrast between this worthy man and my ungenerous seducer! I thanked him with tears of gratitude, and too late repented the error of my choice. A few days after this conversation he quitted Philadelphia, and I had liberty to inform Mr. Oliver he might visit at the house. That very night I received a letter from him that blighted all my prospects for ever! From the hour of my mother's illness, to the week after her funeral, I had never seen him; it was a forbearance, a respect I owed to her. I had received two or three letters; but the last week I had not heard from him.

This dreadful letter informed me, "that he should that night quit Philadelphia, to embark for England by his father's peremptory

tory commands, as the King had positively refused the offers of Congress towards an accommodation, and an union with an American Lady would ruin him for ever. He expressed a thousand regrets at his miserable disappointment; but that having no independence, he could not presume to expect *my* father's consent, and his own would reprobate him for ever; therefore my happiness being dearer to him than his own, he advised me (though it must be death to him) to give my hand to Mr. Barclay, if he had not left the country."

This letter, every word of which is imprinted on my heart, threw me into fits so violent, that my life was despaired of for two days. My father, to whom my sister gave the letter, though greatly enraged, was yet nevertheless pleased this unworthy young man had left the city; he dispatched a messenger after Mr. Barclay, informing him of this event, little dreaming of my wretched situation, for, alas! Sir, I was in a fair way of becoming

coming a mother, though at that time I scarce knew it myself. Mr. Barclay, however, was gone, and when my senses and recollection returned, I was the verriest wretch that ever crawled upon the earth; left, abandoned to shame and sorrow, punished by the very hand for whom I had injured my parents, and disgraced myself! I fear I tire you, Sir, (continued she) therefore let me hasten over scenes never, never to be forgotten! Under all this load of misery and self-upbraidings, I yet recovered, at least recovered from all fear of death; but the languor that hung about me, and a total loss of appetite, gave my father great uneasiness, sunk his anger into compassion, and he appeared fonder of me than ever. O, what were my sufferings, conscious of my unworthiness, and unable to bear a tender expression without the blush of guilt dying my cheek, and reproaching me with the shame and grief which was preparing to overwhelm him.

“My

“ My sister, ever prying and malicious, discovered my situation almost as soon as I knew it myself. She charged me with it in terms unworthy of a sister, or a female who had any delicacy or feeling. Her upbraidings were so violent and unexpected, that I was thrown into faintings, during which period she revealed the whole to my father. Never was rage and sorrow equal to his; he had the highest sense of honour, and prided himself in his daughters. He sent me an immediate order to quit the house and the city; passion had eradicated every feeling of compassion, and my cruel sister herself brought me the message with every aggravation of insult. My clothes I was permitted to take, and fifty pounds were given to me as all I was ever to expect. I wrote to my much injured father; on my knees I implored his forgiveness, assured him of my penitence and future contrition. To this letter I had no answer. My sister informed me my father would neither see or forgive me; that a sister of our old housekeeper’s, who lived about
eighteen

eighteen miles from Philadelphia, was written to, to receive me until a certain event was over, after which I must quit that house, and, if I pleased, follow my base seducer to England, as my own family would never see me more.

“ Without the least expostulation I prepared to obey. I arrived at my destined asylum, and was treated with tenderness ; the state both of my body and mind gave me hopes that a dreaded event might carry two victims to the grave ; but Heaven ordained it otherwise, I was to live to know the anxieties of a parent, and deplore the effects of my own undutiful conduct towards mine. — The birth of my little girl gave me unutterable pangs ; for her sake I strove to live, though sure of existing in misery and want. All expences were defrayed by order of my sister till the month expired, and my fifty pounds remained untouched. I was then given to understand all pecuniary aid was at an end, and that the sooner I removed far

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from the knowledge of my relations, the better, that my disgrace might not reflect upon them, as they had given it out I was gone to reside at New-York with a friend.

“ Distressed and weakened I knew not where to go; the good woman of the house pitied me, and offered me still an asylum with her, and said that she would endeavour to procure me needle-work in the neighbourhood. I thankfully accepted her kindness: I had changed my name, and never went out but of an evening, lest any persons travelling from the city should meet and remember me.

“ In this melancholy way I lived for several months, when, to complete my distress, my kind hostess was taken ill, a violent fever settled on her limbs, and rendered her incapable of serving herself or me. A small annuity, on which she lived, was insufficient to support her in sickness, and the little work she procured for me I could no longer attend to.

to. I got a neighbour to write to her sister, who, we supposed, still lived at my father's. The answer augmented our troubles. She and my sister had disagreed, and she had attended a family to New-York. My father had been for some time in a very indifferent state of health.

“ Such was the information I received, and which wounded me to the very soul. Despair gave me courage : I wrote to my father and to my sister, representing my present situation, and the state of poor Mrs. Barnett. A few lines came from my sister, ‘wondering at my assurance in disturbing their peace, by the remembrance of a person who had disgraced her family, and was bringing her father to the grave ; that neither letters nor applications, of any kind, would meet with farther notice.’

“ Wrung to the very soul by this severity, which I was conscious of deserving, I was almost in a state of distraction ; the illness

of Mrs. Barnett, and the claims of my unhappy infant, certainly preserved my senses. Four months did that good creature struggle with expiring nature ! Every proper assistance I procured for her, and when she died I had her decently laid in the earth. The consequent expences of her illness and burial considerably diminished my small property. The little furniture she had was sold, and the money placed with a worthy clergyman, who undertook to find out her sister. He offered to reimburse me for the extra expences I had been at ; but what he had was so trifling, and my obligations to the deceased were so great, that I could not bear the idea of taking her little property.

“ I was now without a resting-place, and undetermined where to go : Sorrow and sickness had so exceedingly altered my person, that I run but little risque of being known. I was very anxious to learn something of my father, and recollecting these huts on the skirts of the wood, I determined
to

to come here, and try if I could obtain a lodging. I fortunately found this little hovel untenanted: I took possession, and employed a man to inquire in the city respecting my father's health. Alas! bitter was the result, he had been dead near three months, and had left every shilling of his property to my sister. She was at that time courted by an Englishman, of the name of Smith, who, with his mother, had lately come to reside in the city.

“ This intelligence completed my wretchedness, and annihilated every hope. I accused myself incessantly for the death of my much-lamented parent, and had not my duty to this poor unhappy infant been superior to my wish for everlasting rest, I should soon have followed him to the grave; but I was compelled to prolong my life and sufferings. Uncertain how to dispose of myself I lingered here, and was soon informed of my sister's marriage, and the very high stile in which she lived. Alas! I envied

not her riches; it was character, virtue, and peace of mind, that were the objects of my regret; they were fled from me for ever! My child fell ill of the whooping cough, and for many weeks was in great danger. At length the disorder abated, but left such a weakness and debility, that I have scarce any hopes of its recovery: Hopes did I say, how dare I hope or wish for the existence of an unfortunate Being, without connexions, and reprobated by the world! yet a mother dreads the painful stroke." Here the unhappy young woman burst into an agony of tears, that for some moments impeded utterance; but endeavouring to recover herself, she dried her eyes, and resumed her narrative.

" Well, Sir, let me hasten to the conclusion, for I have sufficiently tired you with a relation of imprudencies little interesting to strangers. The illness of my child, and other expences, had reduced my fifty pounds to seventeen. I saw the money mouldering
awa y

away, and no possibility of procuring a subsistence; without character or recommendation, ashamed to see my former friends; a broken constitution, and a weak, helpless child, what could I do? Distracted by a thousand painful reflections, I had one night, near a fortnight since, laid my babe on the bed, and was pouring out my griefs to the Father of Mercies, when a sudden noise at the door made me start from my knees, and instantly some soldiers, who spoke a foreign language, entered; they seemed disappointed on looking round, whilst I stood trembling before them. At length, peeping about, a small box, where I kept the few necessaries I had, and my money, attracted their notice; they broke it open, and discovering its contents, with a loud shout of joy, and shaking their heads at me, as if in derision, they left the room, and took my little all of treasure with them.

“ This irreparable loss, joined to the terror which had seized on my spirits when they

first entered, entirely overcame me, and I sunk on the floor in a fainting fit. How long I remained in that state I know not; but when my senses returned, judge, Sir, what must have been my feelings! A few shillings in my pocket was all I possessed. I flew to a neighbouring cottage, and found they also had been broken in upon by those lawless strangers, but they had nothing to lose, as their 'daily labour earned their daily bread;' happy state of careless poverty, whose resources are within themselves, whilst blessed with health, and whose wants and wishes are proportioned to their condition! They informed me the soldiers had retreated through the woods, and all hopes of redress must be fruitless. I returned to my child in a state of mind little short of madness, and was more than once tempted to destroy her and myself; but Heaven preserved me from the commission of such atrocious crimes, by sending a poor woman to my relief, whose natural humanity and untaught reason soothed my stormy passions into softness and sorrow. A
deluge

deluge of tears restored me to calmness and submission, and, though the prospect before me was replete with misery and want, I endeavoured to acquire courage and resignation from despair.

For more than a week I went disguised every day into the city to procure work of some kind ; but the entrance of the English troops had dismayed every body, and stagnated all trade, dress and amusements. I was informed my sister and her husband lived in a small box the other side of the wood ; that he was a gay, expensive man, a great gambler, and spent her fortune very freely. Many other particulars I heard unnecessary to mention, except that her spirits were greatly altered, and that he *obliged* her to reside near the wood where he some times went ; but chiefly lived in the city himself, and kept a house for the reception of gamblers, and dissipations of every kind, over which his mother, a very gay woman, presided. Although I never had cause to believe

my sister was my friend, yet I felt that natural tenderness such an affinity claimed towards her, and my ill conduct having justified her severity, and misfortunes having subdued my pride and resentment, I grieved most sincerely for the fate she had drawn. My own distresses, however, multiplied upon me fast: I could get no work; my child was so weak and ill as to require all my attendance, and more nourishment than I could procure. Three days ago my last shilling was expended. For these last two days we existed on crusts of bread and water. I gave myself up to despair, and in a gloomy fit of despondency resolved to perish quietly with my unhappy babe.

“ Last night, O! what a night of horror did I pass! it is not to be described. This morning, when obliged to rise from my wretched bed, I looked around to see if one morsel remained for my child. I looked in vain; the poor lamb cried out for bread: Despair and horror seized me: I snatched
it

it up with an intention (Heaven forgive me) to silence it for ever! She flung her arms about my neck, lisped out, 'Dear mamma!' and looked a thousand unutterable things. — Oh, God! what were my sensations! I clasped her to my bosom, and determined that instant to address my sister, and humble myself before her to preserve my child from death. I went to a neighbouring cottage, and begged a little milk, which, having refreshed us, I set forward for my sister's dwelling. When arrived there, I stopped at the gate unable to enter: I sunk on the ground in a state of irresolution and weakness, that almost deprived me of reason. — Whilst I was there, my sister came into the garden to tie up some shrubs. I saw her; she looked thin, pale and melancholy. She cast her eyes upon me, and advanced. I could not speak.

"Are you ill, good woman?" said she.

“ I am, indeed,” was all I could utter, and instantly fainted away. When I recovered, I found myself in a room with my sister and a servant employed in restoring me, my child sitting on the carpet ; a little wine and water restored me to speech : I entreated to speak with her alone. The servant withdrew. My sister eyed me with anxious curiosity. I looked up.

“ I am a poor reprobated, guilty wretch, on the verge of the grave, my child perishing with hunger ; pity the innocent, though I dare not claim the compassion of a *sister* !”

“ Sister ! (exclaimed she) O, my heart spoke truth : Maria, much wronged, unhappy sister ! O, I am severely punished !” She burst into tears, and embraced me warmly. My little girl also began to cry. Recollecting herself, she instantly rung, and ordered refreshments for us both, for I told her we were almost famished. I had just
began

began my melancholy tale when her husband appeared at the gate very unexpectedly.

“ O, for Heaven’s sake ! (cried she) retire now, and come ——.” Before she could add another word he entered, and surveying me, with an air of haughty indignation :

“ What is your business ?” demanded he.

“ This poor woman fainted away at our gate (said she, trembling) and is just recovered : I believe she wants sustenance, and have ordered Sarah to bring her some meat.”

“ What here ! (cried he, angrily.) Let her go to the kitchen ; I want no such guests in my apartments.” The servant entered with a tray.

“ Hey-day ! (he exclaimed) what is all this for ?” He snatched up a plate that had some cold roast beef, and a piece or two of bread : “ Here (added he, throwing it into

a little basket) take this, go about your business, and come no more here."

My sister, before I could reply, so greatly was I shocked, hastily cried, with an expressive look, "Pray take it; I hope it will relieve you and your child; there is six-pence for you." She, trembling, pressed my hand, and put in a half guinea. I was dumb and irresolute, when he again ordered me to take the meat and be gone. I obeyed without speaking, and as I left the room, heard him expressing violent anger at encouraging beggars, and having such creatures admitted to his house, I left it overwhelmed with mortification and anguish of heart, pity for my sister, and a certainty that, though her own disappointments had softened her in my favour, her power could not second her inclination. Hunger and weariness compelled me to stop in the private place you, Sir, found me: — Thus you know all my story, know how unworthy I am, and how severely I have drawn upon myself those miseries, which are generally

rally attendant on disobedience to parents, and a blind partiality towards exterior advantages in preference to a noble heart; for had I obeyed my father, and given my hand to the worthy Barclay, I should have been a happy woman, instead of a guilty deserted creature, whose only refuge is the grave for herself, and the poor unfortunate being her crimes has given birth to."

C H A P. II.

IT was with much difficulty, and frequent pausings, that the afflicted penitent went through her narrative, and when she had finished her story, and threw her eyes on the miserable bed where her child lay, she covered her face with her handkerchief, and burst into a paroxysm of grief. Mr. Bidulph, whose feelings had been greatly interested, besought her to take comfort: — “Heaven (said he) has sent me to your relief, you and your sweet girl shall be restored to health; do not, Madam, exhaust your strength and spirits, accept the services of a
disinterested

disinterested man; rest here in safety, whilst I procure for you such assistance as is necessary."

She looked at him with gratitude, and putting her hand in her pocket, pulled out the half guinea, seemingly inclined to offer it to him, as he supposed, to procure things for her. He declined her offered hand, and rising, again bid her try to recover her spirits, he would soon return. He quickly returned to his lodgings, and inquired of Mrs. Nelson "if she could accommodate a sick Lady and her child, an old acquaintance of his, whom he had accidentally met with."

Mrs. Nelson, who had conceived a great partiality for Mr. Biddulph, very readily answered, "She would do her best to serve any friend of his, and gave orders for an apartment to be got ready."

He then procured some wine and biscuits, and hastened back to the wood. On entering

ing the cottage, he saw a plain elderly woman with the Lady. She rose up, the other caught her hand: "Stay, good Mrs. Drew, (said she) let me do justice to your kindness and humanity. This good woman, Sir, lives just by; of her I this morning begged a little milk. She saw my situation, she knew of my being robbed, and guessed my distress. This evening she came to offer me assistance, to attend my child, and asked leave, with a delicacy peculiar to a sympathizing heart, rarely, alas! found among persons in higher stations, to bring her cow every day to my door that I might have what milk I wanted. Never shall I forget your kindness (added she) for you have a family who could ill spare what you have offered for my assistance and support. May Heaven reward your intended benevolence; but never will I deprive others of necessary comforts for any benefit to myself."

"Mrs. Drew (said Biddulph) I honour your humanity, and it is but fitting that she,
who

who could generously give to others, what, if accepted, must have been a material injury to herself, should in return meet with a reward from the hand of liberality who has the power to bestow; there are five guineas to purchase another cow, that your family may never know the want of that milk you so kindly offered to your neighbour. I will not be refused (added he, as she declined taking the money) we may possibly never see each other again; but I will have the pleasure of thinking I have rewarded a good intention, and served by such a trifle a worthy woman. Both Mrs. Drew and the Lady shed tears of gratitude. He told the latter he had procured accommodations for her in a respectable house, and the few trumpery things in her cottage, not worth a removal, were likewise given to Mrs. Drew, who insisted upon seeing her neighbour safe, and carrying the child, which was thankfully accepted. They arrived at Mrs. Nelson's door at the same moment that a Gentleman was coming out of the house. He was passing them

them when a shriek from the invalid, who had hold of Mr. Biddulph's arm, made him turn round, and she was fainting. He assisted in conveying her into the house, and stood earnestly gazing on her, until, by proper remedies, she began to shew signs of life. He withdrew a little on one side as she was raised.

"O (cried she, faintly) sure I was deceived; I hope so: Not for worlds would I see him."

"See whom, Madam?" asked Biddulph.

"Barclay," answered she, "the worthy Barclay."

"If you think him worthy," said the Gentleman, advancing, "why not see him? — Surely it is Maria's voice; though the beautiful form is altered, my heart was not mistaken."

As

As he spoke, and attempted to take her hand, she hid her face against Biddulph.

“Will you not look on me?” asked he. Have you forgotten that I am *your friend*? O, Maria, your truest friend!”

“Spare me,” murmured she; “I am ungrateful and unworthy; I deserve not your friendship. If you wish me peace leave me, I cannot see you.”

“You accuse yourself unjustly,” replied he: “My heart acknowledges you; I will not leave you.”

She raised her head, and looking wildly on him, “Then pierce me with upbraidings, triumph in my wretchedness, and see in the ruins of this form the just rewards of folly, of guilt, disobedience, and perverseness.”

Barclay passionately kissed her hand: “I have heard all, I know all (said he) you have
been

been abused, wronged, and deserted ; but you are still the woman I doted on ; your fancy, your feelings, have betrayed you ; but your heart, your principles, cannot be corrupt. I am now your friend as warmly as ever ; nay more, I will be your parent and protector. I see what your sufferings have been ; that lovely form so changed plainly evinces the distractions of the mind."

" Conscious guilt," answered she, " may well change."

" No more on that head," said he, interrupting her : " Tell me only what is your present situation, and how I best can serve you."

After a moment's pause, she desired " to be left alone with Mr. Barclay."

Mrs. Drew took her leave ; Biddulph withdrew to his apartment, reflecting on the wonderful accident of their meeting, and revolving

revolving in his mind some particular circumstances which had struck him in the course of the Lady's story, and which he was resolved to have cleared up the following day.

Within an hour his company was requested into the other apartment. On his entrance Mr. Barclay took him by the hand, "Permit me, Sir, to solicit the honour of your acquaintance. Your kind attention to this unfortunate Lady demands my warmest thanks as a friend to her and her family. I hope also that you will not be offended if I claim a prior right to offer my services towards restoring her health and peace, though the continuance of your friendly wishes must be very desirable to her."

"Yes (said she, with much emotion) if the acquaintance, the grateful esteem of one so unhappily situated as myself, is of any value, I shall feel the highest pleasure and pride in being allowed to hope for your
future

future friendship. - This Gentleman (added she, looking at Mr. Barclay) who ought to have despised and reprobated me, who was this morning the last man on earth I wished to see, has, by his generous and conclusive reasonings, vanquished the objections of a proud, though mortified, spirit, and, humbled as I am, I have consented to owe the existence of myself and child to his bounty."

" Say rather (cried Mr. Barclay, interrupting her) that you only fulfil a duty, by permitting the friend of your father to offer you that consolation and peace, which you have been so cruelly deprived of. I have an aunt, a worthy old Lady, who lives at New-York ; she was never married ; with her you will find a most desirable asylum, as a widow Lady."

" Not for worlds (cried she, hastily) will I impose myself upon your relation under a false appearance. I deserve to suffer humiliation, and I will readily submit to incur the
shame

shame attendant on such misconduct as mine: Speak of me therefore as I am ; if she can admit me to her house, after knowing my situation, it must be my care hereafter to make myself an interest in her favourable judgment ; but I never will add to my follies by the least shadow of an imposition. I will be obliged to *your* generosity, and to *her* humanity, if she will receive me ; but it must be on my own terms."

" And it *shall* be 'on your own terms,' since you insist upon it (answered he) and I know but little of my aunt's disposition ; if this conversation, which I shall faithfully relate, does not raise you higher in her estimation than any rank or situation I could place you in."

Mrs. Nelson now entered, to say the Lady's apartment was ready, and she gladly retired with her child to rest, after the agitations she had that day experienced.

After the Lady had left them, Mr. Barclay again thanked Biddulph for his kindness to her. "As I find (said he) you know all her story, I shall make no scruple to mention what concerns myself; that I loved her most truly is certain, nor can I ever love another; yet my affection was disinterested, her happiness was my principal wish, and when I found her heart was devoted to another, I fought to reconcile her father to her inclinations. Little did I imagine, when I left America, that villain Oliver had so basely seduced her, or ever could have given her up. The heart-wounding intelligence of her situation, her being driven from her father's house, and subsequent events was sent to me by a friend, I endeavoured to expedite the business which had carried me to France, and as soon as possible returned to this city; near five months I have been constantly in search of the dear ill-treated Maria. Her sister was always proud and envious; she has married, I believe, unhappily; I am sorry for it, though I cannot forgive

forgive her cruelty and selfish conduct towards her unfortunate relation. Chance led me this day to inquire after the character of a servant from Mrs. Nelson, little dreaming of the happy encounter which has taken place. When you left the room, at her request, she would have repeated her story; but I would hear nothing previous to the birth of her child. I own to you frankly, that so strong is my regard for her, that, throwing the past into oblivion, I would marry her, and take her to a distant province. I made the offer, but she not only peremptorily refused me, but uttered a hasty vow *never to marry*, should her health be restored; nor would she listen to any offers for her advantage until I solemnly protested never to renew the subject, and engaged not to reside in the same town with her. On these conditions I at length prevailed upon her to accept of my assistance, and these conditions I will religiously observe; though I own to you, Sir, that I love her more fervently than ever, and could her delicacy, which alone

impeded our union, have been superseded by my persuasions, I should have thought myself a very happy man."

When Mr. Barclay ceased speaking, Mr. Biddulph warmly applauded his sentiments, though he could not blame the Lady's determinations; the peculiarity of her situation respecting Mr. Barclay, he thought justified her in refusing his hand now, when she had declined it in happier circumstances. Mutual expressions of esteem passed between the Gentlemen, though of opposite parties, and different principles; for the good and generous mind is of no party, and incapable of narrow distinctions.

C H A P. III.

THE following day, when assembled to breakfast, Biddulph was much concerned to observe an increased dejection in the Lady, and a visible alteration for the worse in the child; both were extremely weak. He tried to raise her drooping spirits, but they sunk under the efforts she made to be cheerful, and when Mr. Barclay entered the room, could no longer repress the tears that flowed down her cheeks. After a short time Biddulph left them, and retired to dress, anxious to see Miss Harriot Franklyn, and do away any ill impression the spiteful Mrs.

Bailey might have laboured to convey into the minds of both the mother and daughter. At an early hour he was at Mrs. Franklyn's house, and, having knocked, the door was opened by Peter, who, with a melancholy look, and a hesitating voice, told him, "the Ladies saw no company."

"No company!" repeated he, surprised, "Are your Ladies ill, Peter, or is any thing amiss?"

"They are not worse, I believe (answered he) and I am sure that it is not Miss Harriot's fault that you are kept out, for the poor young Lady looked ready to cry when she gave me the order; but there are such crabbed old maids in the world, who take upon them to order every body, that, more shame for them, they are always making disturbances, I think."

"Pray, Peter," said Mr. Biddulph, greatly disconcerted, "am I the only person you have orders not to let in?" "Why,

“ Why, to say the truth, Sir, you are ; there are not many comes here, indeed ; but Miss Harriot, poor soul, told me, Peter,” said she, looking sorrowful, “ you are not to admit Mr. Biddulph again ; we see only particular friends. I am sure it is all that old, cross, ——.” At that moment Mrs. Bailey came into the hall ; she started, but presently recovering herself, turned back.

“ Mrs. Bailey, Madam, (cried Biddulph, pushing by Peter) permit me to inquire of you why I am mortified by being denied admision here ?”

“ Of me, Sir (returned she) why of *me* ? I am not mistress of this house ; the servant had his orders I suppose, and no person has a right to intrude when his company is not desirable.”

“ True, Madam (he replied) and I would be the last man inclined to do so ; but having met with civilities from Miss Harriot, to
D 4 which,

which, perhaps, I had but little claims, I feel extremely hurt that those civilities should be withdrawn, when I am not conscious of being more unworthy of her notice than when she first permitted my visits."

"Very likely, Sir, you may not: I have nothing to do with your merits; but a young woman has a character to preserve, and her mother is the best judge who ought to be admitted as visitors to her daughters. Good morning to you, Sir." She instantly disappeared, and left poor Biddulph more vexed and mortified than ever he had been in his life.

Peter shook his head with a sorrowful air, and muttered something about old maids and mischief-makers, whilst the other recovering a little, said, on leaving the house, "Peter, I will write to Miss Harriot; can you convey a letter to her?"

"That

“That I will, Sir (answered he) in spite of the old crab.”

Biddulph returned to his lodgings greatly perplexed. He found, by this instance, the strong hold Harriot had taken of his heart, and that his future happiness very much depended upon her favour. On entering Mrs. Nelson's house, he saw every one in confusion. Inquiring for Mr. Barclay and the Lady, "O, Sir (cried one of the maids) the poor Lady is carried to bed in fits. — Here has been sad work; two Gentlemen have been to ask for you; one of them has been the cause of all, for he would fight the Gentleman you ask about." The bell ringing, the girl ran off, and left Biddulph in the greatest consternation. He ascended the stairs, and met Mrs. Nelson.

“O, come here, come here (exclaimed she) the dear Lady, poor Mr. Barclay!” — She turned back. He quickly followed, and beheld, on entering the room, Mr. Barclay

D 5.

laying

laying back in a great chair, his coat off, and a surgeon dressing his arm, which, he was told, was run through with a sword. On the bed lay the unfortunate Lady, just recovered from a fit, with scarce any appearance of life.

“ Good God ! (cried Biddulph) what is all this ? ”

“ I will inform you by and by (replied Barclay.) I am to blame ; my rashness has, I fear, killed my dear unhappy Maria.”

Biddulph approached her ; the physician was feeling her pulse ; she looked up at Biddulph, and faintly raising her other hand, “ All help is vain (said she ;) that heart so long struggling with misery, gives way at last : I am dying, my child, my dear child ! ”

“ Dear Madam (cried Biddulph) exert your fortitude for her sake.”

She

She looked at him earnestly—"I believe you are good. You have sensibility. If Heaven spares my dear injured friend, he will be a father, if not, O God! if not, to you,—to your honour—to your compassion—I bequeath." Another convulsion stopped her. Barclay was in agonies—he got to the bed—he took her struggling hand—he accused his rashness—his passion—in terms little short of madness. The fit held her a long time, and the physician, on being questioned, frankly told them, "He feared life was ebbing fast, that the Lady's constitution seemed quite exhausted, and was drawing to a period unable to sustain such violent shocks."

Barclay was almost senseless, nor at all considered his recent wound, and his arm just placed in a sling. The poor Lady's strugglings grew less, her senses returned, she opened her eyes, and beheld her two friends; she made an effort to speak, the words died on her tongue: 'Child!' was the only word intelligible. Mrs. Nelson

presented it to her. She raised her feeble eyes to Heaven:—"Accept—penitence—mercy," were the few words she inwardly pronounced; then looking on the two Gentlemen, she again struggled to speak in vain, for a cold damp fell on her face, and in a few moments she breathed her last sigh; and in the same moment Barclay fell senseless on the floor!

Biddulph, whose sensibility could ill bear such scenes as these, was for some time immovable, when the audible sorrow of Mrs. Nelson roused him from his stupor, and he assisted in carrying Mr. Barclay into another room. It was some time before he was recovered, and the surgeon ordered him to be put to bed instantly, apprehensive that the agitations of his mind, joined to the pain of his arm, might produce a fever. He made no resistance to any thing ordered, nor spoke one word.

Biddulph,

Biddulph, having seen him placed in bed, and his servant with him, returned to the other room, where lay the unhappy victim of an imprudent attachment to a villainous, unprincipled, object. This sight recalled to his view the death-bed scene of his Eliza; every feeling of his heart was roused, tears gushed from his eyes, and, taking the poor infant from Mrs. Nelson, who was pressing it to her breast, and watering it with tears, "Dear, unfortunate, child (cried he) here I swear, in this awful moment, never to forsake thee; thou art, indeed, the child of sorrow, and shall ever be dear to my heart. (Giving it back.) Let proper care be taken, and every thing necessary; I will be answerable for all expences." He could say no more, but retired to his apartment overcome with trouble, surprise, and anxious curiosity.

It was some hours before he could return to Mr. Barclay's room, and was then more grieved than astonished to find the surgeon's apprehensions verified, for he was, indeed, in

a high fever, which had restored him to sense and speech.

“ O, Biddulph ! (exclaimed he) I have murdered her ; yes, it is I have killed the dearest, most abused, of women ! ”

“ Compose yourself, my dear Sir (said Biddulph) remember that the Almighty hand directs all things, and that it is our duty to submit to his decrees. The physician assures me her constitution was entirely broken up, and that it was impossible she could live, or ever have undertaken the designed journey : Banish from your mind therefore all self-reproaches ; she is now happy, and has left a pledge in the trust of friendship.”

“ Yes (cried Barclay) a sacred pledge, that, whether I live or die, shall be provided for ; I will forget the villain father for the dear mother’s sake.”

“ Then,

“ Then (said Biddulph) consider the sacred promise as a call upon your fortitude and resignation ; endeavour to be calm, and —.”

“ I will (interrupted he ;) but at all events, dear Biddulph, send for a lawyer ; let me settle my affairs, and I shall be composed.” This the other promised to do instantly, and the doctor then coming into the room, he quitted it, to know of Mrs. Nelson whom he could apply to, considering that, as he might be suddenly called away upon his duty, which he could not recede from until the army went into winter quarters, it was highly proper some plan should be fixed upon for the little orphan, to insure its present care and a future provision ; at the same time determined to share the charge equally with Barclay.

Mrs. Nelson, who had much humanity, readily set about every necessary duty, and was pleased to hear the poor child would
be

be taken care of; a lawyer soon made his appearance, and received instructions from Mr. Barclay to secure five thousand pounds to his little protégée, the interest to commence from that hour for its support and education, and making his aunt, a respectable Gentleman in Philadelphia, and Mr. Biddulph, trustees for the child, if he did not survive to take care of it.

Biddulph, who could not dispute Mr. Barclay's superior claims to provide for the little orphan, nevertheless reserved to himself a fixed determination of keeping a watchful eye upon those to whom the care of her person and education was delegated.

The spirit which had supported Mr. Barclay during his humane regulations, had also heightened his fever, and for two days he was in a dangerous situation; but the skill of his surgeon, and attentions of Mrs. Nelson, were successful in reducing the violence of his disorder, and on the third day he was
composed

composed enough to bear a consultation, which Biddulph thought necessary relative to the unfortunate deceased Lady, and also to relate the cause of the melancholy events which had taken place in his short absence the morning he had called at Mrs. Franklyn's.

Barclay told him, "Mrs. Nelson called him out to inform him some Gentlemen inquired for Mr. Biddulph ; he went into the next room, and saw two officers. I confess to you (said Barclay) the sufferings of my country, and the present situation of things in Philadelphia, made me view them with an unfavourable eye : However, I answered their questions with a reserved civility, and asked if they had any particular commands for you ?"

One of them politely thanked me, and, turning to the other, "I believe, Oliver, nothing more than our compliments."

He

He was about to add something, but the name of "Oliver" fired me to instant madness. I instantly asked, "If any relation of his had resided in Philadelphia?"

He replied, "His brother had lived here three years."

"And, pray (said I, in extreme agitation) where is he now, and what is his situation?"

The officer seemed piqued at the air and manner of my question, and answered with some haughtiness: "My brother, Sir, is in England, married, and most happily settled."

"Then he is an atrocious villain," cried I.

"How, Sir (said he, laying his hand on his sword) a villain! recall your words; no man shall affix that epithet to his name."

"I

“ *I will* (I exclaimed, and snatching the sword from the side of the other Gentleman) *I* proclaim him the *basest* of *villains*, a seducer of innocence, and a cowardly liar.”

The officer could bear no more ; he drew instantly, and we engaged in spite of his friend's endeavours to prevent us. Passion rendered me unguarded ; I received a wound through the sword arm, which dropped, and left me defenceless at the moment when the noise brought in Mrs. Nelson, and the poor affrighted, tottering Maria. She screamed, and sunk into a chair ; the officer taking his sword in one hand, and laying hold of my opponent with the other : “ Let us be gone, Oliver, be satisfied.”

“ Oliver ! (exclaimed the fainting victim, looking wildly on him) is *your* name Oliver ?”

“ Yes (answered he, disdainfully.) Inquire no farther, Madam,” said I.

“ O,

“ O, I must, I will,” cried she.

“ I have no time to answer interrogatories,” said he ; “that Gentleman has thought fit to insult me by injuring my brother’s character, who is a man of honour, a Gentleman, and married to a relation of my friend. Here I shall seek farther satisfaction, when his arm can second his tongue.”

With an air of contempt he flung out of the room, whilst the poor wretched girl fell to the ground, and was seized with those violent convulsions that overpowered her weak frame, and accelerated the fatal catastrophe.

Barclay’s emotions would not suffer him to proceed. Biddulph was deeply affected that an accidental visit to him should have been productive of such melancholy events. When a little recovered from their mutual concern, the latter asked Barclay whether it would not be proper to acquaint the deceased’s
sister

sister with the circumstances that had taken place ?

“ As I cannot forgive her selfish inhumanity, I wish not (replied Barclay) ever to have any future intercourse with her ; but if you think it right, and will undertake the communication, I can have no objection.”

Biddulph determined to go, for reasons peculiarly interesting to himself, and accordingly hastened to the house. When he came near to it, he saw two Ladies sitting in the parlour, one of which had a large bonnet on, and both withdrew from the window as he knocked at the door. On asking for Mrs. Smith, the servant told him she was not at home.

“ You are mistaken (replied he, mildly) I saw your mistress at the window.”

The girl seemed confused, but said, —
“ Well, Sir, she will not see company, so it
is

is the same thing," and attempted to shut the door, which he prevented, and stepping inside—"Tell your mistress (said he, in a loud voice) that I must see her; I have something of consequence to inform her of."

The girl hesitated. He heard the parlour door locked. Regardless of ceremony, his private suspicions being increased, he passed the girl, and knocked at the parlour door.—"Excuse my rudeness, Mrs. Smith; particular business has brought me here; I beg to speak with you."

A low voice answered him, "I cannot see any stranger to-day; it is extreme rudeness to persist against a denial: To-morrow I shall be more at leisure. If you are a Gentleman leave the house, and return to-morrow."

Biddulph, extremely provoked, stood irresolute for a minute; but, as he found the door would not be opened, and he had no pretence

pretence for forcing it, he reluctantly withdrew, after saying, "I beg then I may be admitted to-morrow : I am a friend of your family, and my business is of real consequence."

"To-morrow then, Sir, you may communicate it," was the answer.

He bent his steps towards Mrs. Franklyn's, anxious to know what reception his letter had met with, which he had written whilst he was confined to Mr. Barclay's bedside, and to which he had received no answer.

His friend Peter was standing at the door, and when he drew near to him, shook his head with an air that boded no good.

"Ah, Sir !" said he, "things are worse and worse. I gave your letter to Jane, and she put it on Miss Harriot's table like a fool, because I told her not to give it before mistress, and old Spite Cat. Well, yesterday I was called up stairs ; there were Miss and mother

mother Bailey; methought the first looked very sorrowful: So, says she, "Peter, how come you to take this letter; had I not forbidden you?"

"Bless your soul, Madam (said I) you did not say a word about a letter, only that I wasn't to let the Gentleman in."

"You are a faucy fellow (cried the Old Vixen) to take any letters from Gentlemen; and if you ever take another, you shall be discharged immediately."

"Don't be so angry with Peter (said Miss;) poor fellow, he was faulty through ignorance, but remember now, that you never receive any more letters for me."

"And if any comes by other hands (cried t'other) bring them to me."

"Your pardon, Madam (said Miss Harriot, looking angrily) I choose to receive my
own

own letters, and although you took this letter from my dressing table, and carried it to my mother, 'tis a liberty I desire you will not repeat again. And so then they had a good many words, and at last Miss cried, and the old woman bid me go about my business, and mind her orders: So to day Jane says mistress is very ill, and the doctor don't think she'll hold out long."

Peter's intelligence was very distressing to Mr. Biddulph; the impossibility of conveying his sentiments to Miss Harriot, and the unaccountable dislike Mrs. Bailey had taken to him, were subjects of great vexation.

On his return to Mrs. Nelson's, in a very ill-humour, he acquainted Barclay with his repulse at Mrs. Smith's, and his intention of going again the following day, which was previous to the one fixed on for the funeral.

"As you please (said Barclay;) but it will be of little consequence, I believe. —

Thank Heaven, our dear little charge amends in its appearance ; I am sure she will be the image of her mother. Ah ! Biddulph, you knew her not when she was beautiful, good and happy. Alas ! what is she now ? And what am I ?” He covered his face with his handkerchief.

“ She is now happy (answered Biddulph) *for ever* happy ; removed from a world of duplicity and vice, and *you* are the friend, the protector, of her child, dearer to her than life. You could have no hopes of living with her ; think only, therefore, that she is gone a long journey before you, and has left the dearest part of herself to your care, until you meet again.”

“ True (said Barclay, assuming a look of composure) most true, we shall meet again where personal advantages and shadowy accomplishments avail nothing, and the integrity of the heart only is acceptable, where artifice cannot triumph over innocence, and
where

where repentance and sufferings purify the mind, and intitle the erring penitent to hope for mercy : Till then I will be the guardian of her child, and do justice to her character, for she has made atonement for all !”

To change the affecting subject, Biddulph inquired, “ If he knew the Franklyn family ?”

“ Personally, but not intimately,” replied he ; “ they were very unfortunate, and live, I hear, quite retired. A daughter, I am told, who was engaged to a young man of fortune, that fell in an engagement with the British troops, is lately dead. I know nothing more of them.”

Biddulph, whose mind was occupied in forming a thousand schemes to obtain an interview, or an answer from Harriot, was disappointed by this reply, which precluded all hopes of assistance from Barclay ; and after many plans adopted and rejected, he determined to call on the Quakers, though

he scarce knew what hopes to form from his visit, and had no great expectation of being admitted.

To Mr. Edey's, however, he inquired the way, and was surprised to see an elegance in the appearance of the house but little correspondent to their stiff primitive manners.. — He sent in his name, and, contrary to his fears, was immediately admitted. Mrs. Edey was alone in a very handsome room :

“ So, friend (said she, with a stiff inclination of her head, in return to his very respectful bow) so friend, what dost thee want with my husband, or me ? What is thy business ?”

Biddulph felt extremely awkward, and, indeed, looked very foolish ; but he was very handsome, manly and genteel, and the Quaker viewed him with an eye of complacency that a little encouraged him.

“ The

“ The only time when I had the pleasure of seeing you, Madam, Mrs. Bailey, whom I never offended, was pleased to mark me out in a very unpleasant way before you. — Her ill-nature I cannot account for, because undeserved, and should despise, if it did not impress worthy persons with sentiments to my disadvantage. You, Madam, for instance, a Lady whom every body admires.”

Mrs. Edey drew herself up, looked pleased; “ Sit thee down, friend (said she, in a civil tone) I will hear what thou hast to relate.”

Biddulph bowed profoundly, took his seat, received his cue, and proceeded. “ As I observed, Madam, it hurt me extremely to have a Lady, so amiable and respectable as Mrs. Edey is allowed to be, prejudiced against me : I therefore beg leave to tell you how I became acquainted at Mrs. Franklyn’s, and in what manner I have conducted myself.”

“ Very well, friend, thee mayst relate all. Neighbour Bailey is a little apt to be censorious, therefore I do not put my faith in all she says.”

Biddulph then repeated every circumstance (except the feelings of his heart, *that* was a secret he scarce allowed himself to dwell upon) mentioned the affair of the letter, his repulse, and his indignation at being thought so unjustly of by the Franklyns, and apprehension that such worthy characters as Mr. and Mrs. Edey should also be prejudiced against him.”

“ Thee must allow, friend (said she, when he had finished his tale) that thou comest in no favourable point of view here, as thou art one of the oppressors of this country, hast destroyed our brethren, and taken possession of our city ; nevertheless, if thou hast taken pay from the King of England, thee must obey him in what *thou* thinkest lawful, though *we* cannot submit to be the slaves of thy

thy legislators, and therefore look upon the English troops as cruel oppressors and assassins. I wish thee wert not among them; thou art a goodly young man, thy person is well-favoured, and thee hast a proper respect for thy superiors. As to neighbour Bailey she is a maiden, and she loveth not the young and the handsome. Friend Harriot is tolerable, the young maiden *is tolerable*, but she knoweth nothing, and, I believe verily, is falling into a decay; she will soon be out of the land of the living."

"I hope not," said Biddulph, earnestly and unguardedly.

"And why doth it concern thee? (asked the friendly Quaker;) thee knowest but little of her."

"No (replied he) but I wish her to live, that she may attend and comfort her mother."

E 4

"Why,

“ Why, that’s true (returned she;) she may make a good nurse. Well, friend, be of comfort, I wish thee very well; thee mayst call sometimes; I shan’t mind neighbour Bailey.”

“ But, indeed, Madam (cried Biddulph) it is of importance to me to clear up my character, to prove I am no impostor, no man of blood, as she reflected on me; but earnestly desirous of peace, and always happy to pay every mark of respect to Ladies so amiable as Mrs. Edey and Miss Franklyn.”

“ Thou art a well-spoken young man: I believe thou meanest well, and I will go to neighbour Franklyn’s, and declare my opinion of thee. Call upon me to-morrow at this hour, for then my consort is out of the way, and I will relate unto thee all our communications. Verily, young man, thou shalt find I will be thy friend, for I perceive some
goodly

goodly marks about thee that pleaseth my fancy."

As it drew near to the dinner hour, Bidulph took his leave, highly delighted that he had made a friend in the Quaker, whose foible he easily understood, and was resolved to gratify, as far as was consistent with sincerity and respect to himself.

C H A P. IV.

ON his entrance to his lodgings, he received an order to join the main body of the army in three days, to go on an expedition now under consideration. This was a thunder-stroke to Biddulph; he had hoped nothing more would be attempted that campaign, and that they should remain quiet till ordered into winter quarters, when he intended to resign. This order precluded such an intention for the present, as it would be dishonourable to resign when called into action; yet, to leave Miss Franklyn prejudiced against him, to leave another affair unfinished, which engaged

engaged much of his thoughts, were disappointments that affected him nearly. He entered Mr. Barclay's apartment very thoughtful, and, without reserve, acquainted him with his present uneasiness.

"And do you really design to leave the army?" asked he.

"I do (answered Biddulph.) The many shocking scenes I have met with, the calamities that befall so many families, witness the recent ones among the Franklyn's, perhaps thousands of others, for who is there without connexions? And the poor, the humble soldier, has father, mother, wife, children, and other relations, equally as dear to him as those of noble blood, more dependent on him, more wretched if he falls. O, my good friend, my heart is not steeled enough to consider these unavoidable events with that apathy and resolution necessary for the commander of troops in the day of battle. Had I purchased a commission, stern honour would

have compelled me to persevere ; but in a voluntary service I have certainly a discretionary power to withdraw myself when the duty no longer accords with my inclinations. The actions I have been engaged in, the wounds I have received, and, permit me to say, the public thanks of the commander in chief for my conduct, reconciles me to myself to retire at the end of the campaign, if I survive it ; if not, I leave no dear connexions to feel *my loss*, and can have but few regrets to quit a world, where, young as I am, I have experienced trouble and disappointments in my dearest hopes."

Mr. Barclay was affected by the look of sorrow that accompanied these words : " Our acquaintance (said he) is but of short duration, and began under the most melancholy auspices ; yet I feel extremely interested for you, my young friend, and without impertinently prying into the circumstances you allude to. If, on any occasion, at any time or place, the assistance of a friend may be
needful,

needful, command me without reserve, and consider us as closely connected by one sacred trust. The darling wish of my heart is blighted for ever ; I can never know happiness, though I shall endeavour to obtain resignation and peace, and must in future draw for my greatest pleasures in fulfilling that trust, and in seeking the friendship of a worthy mind."

The kindness of Mr. Barclay unlocked the heart of Biddulph. He acquainted him with every particular relative to the Franklyns, and confessed, "that the affection he had conceived for the lovely Harriot was much more powerful than he at first imagined ; that he could not support the idea of having fallen under her displeasure, or being deemed unworthy of her esteem, without feeling the most piercing uneasiness. Judge, (added he) of the fervency of my passion, when it could lead me to the house of Mr. Edey, a perfect stranger, and induce me to gratify the vanity of a woman by compliments

pliments I was not certain she was entitled to."

"I pity you sincerely (said Barclay, with a sigh) but do not despair; make one effort more for admittance, and, if repulsed, leave the affair to me. In a few days I shall, I believe, go out without fear of danger to myself; when the last melancholy debt is paid, I hope, I shall be easier; perhaps you wonder that a man, who could resign the object of his affections, nay, even plead with her father to unite her with another, should feel so acutely as I now do, being deprived of her by death; but my attachment to Maria was not the romantic passion of a boy; her happiness was my first wish; my own gratification, but a secondary one; therefore when I found her heart irrevocably fixed on Oliver, I gave up my own hopes of felicity to promote her's: I could not stay, indeed, to be a witness of their marriage; but I did my endeavours to make them happy. The intelligence I received respecting Oliver was worse

worse than death : I hastened back to America, and have long fought for her with unremitting perseverance : Judge, therefore, of my feelings when we *did* meet, for she was dearer to me than ever. I cannot dwell on the idea. She has fallen a sacrifice to the basest perfidy, and I live still in the hope of revenge. Yes, I do hope I may one day meet the villain who has blasted my happiness for ever."

As Barclay pronounced these last words, in a tone of eagerness bordering on frenzy, Biddulph made no reply. They retired early to their apartments, neither being in a humour to talk much, nor would the anxiety of their minds permit them to experience a temporary forgetfulness of sorrow in the arms of sleep.

In the morning both Gentlemen met at breakfast, silent and dejected ; their attention was, however, suddenly roused by the hasty entrance of Mrs. Nelson.

"O,

“ O, dear, Gentlemen, the child, the dear baby !”

“ What of her ? (cried Barclay, starting up.) O, pray step in, Sir, the poor thing !”

They heard no more, but hastily followed Mrs. Nelson to the next room, where they saw the little Maria laying on the nurse's lap almost expiring. The sudden change surprised and shocked them. They inquired the cause. The woman, who was kept there to pay the last mournful offices to its mother, replied, “ The child was reduced beyond all hopes of life when I saw it, and ever since its mother died has drooped hourly.”

“ Indeed (cried Barclay) you are mistaken ; she was much better yesterday.”

“ Aye (cried the woman) a little blaze before the last spark !”

That

That instant the doctor entered; he confirmed the woman's opinion; the child was dying: "It is quite worn out and emaciated, (said he) and in a state like this it is not uncommon to see a temporary alteration, an exertion of nature, which may sometimes prove successful; but here failed in the struggle, for all strength is exhausted."

Mrs. Nelson said, "The poor child had a restless night; but that, only within this hour, it had so suddenly and visibly changed for the worse. In short, in less than three hours after, the unfortunate infant followed its ill-star'd mother to the grave!"

The two Gentlemen were much affected, yet, nevertheless, were obliged to confess, that, under circumstances so very melancholy, life could scarcely be wished for; and its premature death was not a subject for regret, when deprived of its only parent, and left on the world with a reproach (however unjust to the child) attached to its

its name that might have rendered its being miserable.

They felt indeed at the time a renewal of sorrow; but reason and reflection soon taught them to repress it, and bow to the decrees of Heaven with reverence. After some consultation Biddulph set off for the house in the wood, and, on approaching towards it, was much astonished to see all the windows closed, and no appearance of any inhabitants. He knocked repeatedly to no purpose, for it was evident the house was deserted. This strange and sudden manœuvre confirmed his suspicions, and made him more anxious to investigate the mystery. He returned to the city, and entered one of the most noted taverns; there he inquired if he could be directed to the house of a Mr. Smith, an Englishman, who had married a Philadelphia Lady.

“ The house is easy enough to be found,
(replied a man, surveying Biddulph attentively;)

tively ;) but as to Mr. Smith he quitted the town three days ago, and high time it was for him to depart, after having ruined several Gentlemen, cheated his wife, and committed many other enormities, for which he deserved to be hung. I suppose he is now gone to join his countrymen, in hopes of a general plunder."

Biddulph took no notice of this last reflection; but asked, "If he had left his wife and mother behind?"

"I know nothing of them (replied the other) for it is only this morning that I heard Smith was gone. As to the mother, *if* she is his mother, she's little better than himself, I believe; but I am sorry for the wife."

"That is more than I am (said the mistress of the house) for she was very cruel to her poor sister, who, though she did make a false step, was a good-hearted, humane creature to man and beast, for I know the
servants

servants all loved her; but this Mrs. Smith contrived to get all the father's fortune, and much good it has done her you see."

Biddulph taking a direction to the house, which was quite in the skirts of the city on the other side, and a detached, though a very handsome one, found, on his arrival, that he had taken a very long walk to meet only disappointment, for the house was entirely abandoned. He was now convinced of the artful trick that was played him the preceding day, and as there appeared no cause why he, as a stranger, should be excluded from seeing them, his conjectures seemed confirmed, and, without any doubt, he pronounced in his mind, that Smith and his mother were no others than William and Mrs. Biddulph. Their avoiding him, and sudden flight, spoke their guilt but too plainly. He was turning from the house in a deep reverie, when he was suddenly crossed by a Lady. On looking up, he instantly recognized the features of the young woman he had seen in the garden,

den, and who he supposed to be Mrs. Smith. Extremely delighted with meeting her so unexpectedly, he bowed, and stopped.

“ I am just come from your house, Madam.” She burst into tears.

“ *My house!* (repeated she, in a tone of sorrow :) I know not, Sir, who you are, or of what nature your business may be ; but I think I know the worst that can befall me, and therefore, if you please to return with me, I will hear what you have to communicate.”

He quickly complied with this request ; both were silent. She unlocked the door, and he entered with her into a very handsome parlour.

“ Pray be seated, Sir (said she) and tell me, without reserve, all you have to say.”

After

After a few preparatory roundabouts, Bidulph acquainted her with the melancholy catastrophe that had taken place at Mr. Nelson's, and the present situation of things there. She heard him without the least interruption, with a fixed and wild attention ; nor when he stopped did she articulate a single word, but remained in the same posture.

Observing the state she was in, he took her hand, and trying to awaken her feelings, " Your sister, Madam, blessed and prayed for *your* happiness, not many hours before her death. I fear, from many circumstances, *you are not happy*, Mrs. Smith."

She started at the name, and recovering from the stupor that had seized her : " Dear, wronged, Maria ! (exclaimed she, in an agony) you are now revenged ; your troubles are at an end ; mine are but just beginning ; retribution has overtaken me."

She

She was seized with violent hysterics. Bid-
dolph found there was no one in the house ;
some water in a decanter on a side table was
all the assistance he could procure ; he forced
a little down her throat, and bathed her face
and hands, which at length produced its
usual effects, and a plentiful shower of tears
restored her to a little calmness. When she
was recovered sufficiently to speak, she thus
addressed him :

“ Your humanity to my unfortunate, ill-
treated sister requires an unreserved confi-
dence from me. You know her story ; you
must also know I behaved unkindly and un-
just. With shame I own, that I envied and
disliked her, because she was too generally
admired, and, as I thought, too great a fa-
vourite with our parents. I was stimulated
by another cause, I liked that wretch Oliver
myself : I therefore sought to engage my
father against him, and in favour of Mr.
Barclay. I made use of every art I was
mistress of to prejudice them against her,

and to use her ill. The consequence of Mr. Barclay's generous resignation of his claims in favour of Oliver, and the other's infamous conduct, I confess to you, gave me the most malicious pleasure, and I triumphed in a sister's ruin ! I irritated my father, and was the cause of her being driven from his house. The letters she wrote I never delivered, and he believed that she lived unrepentant, and careless of any wish to be forgiven. By this vile duplicity I became my father's sole heir, and suffered him to die unknowing of the wronged Maria's situation. Heaven, Heaven, has now punished my unjust cruelty !"

Here Mrs. Smith was again seized with another hysteric, which lasted some time, and left her so low that she was unable to continue her story.

" Have you any wine in the house ?" he asked.

She

She pointed to a closet, and he found some in a decanter. Having given her a large glass of wine and water, after a little time, she feebly resumed her relation:

“ As I had given a final repulse to my sister in my father’s name, I hoped to hear no more about her. After his death, the fortune I possessed procured me many admirers. Among the rest Mr. Smith, who, with his mother, had removed from Boston, and, a short time before my father’s death, settled in Philadelphia. He gave himself out for an Englishman of fortune, a friend to the Americans, who had abandoned his own country from a decided dislike to the measures they pursued. As they appeared elegant, fashionable people, lived in a very genteel stile, and had every mark of opulence about them, I courted their acquaintance, and soon became much attached to Mr. Smith, who was declaredly my warm admirer. His mother, I could not help observing, was gay to excess; and I also saw,

that he was equally expensive, and very fond of gaming; but as I believed their assertions of their large fortune, these faults seemed but trivial objections. One or two of my acquaintance spoke openly to me: 'Nobody knew them, nor their circumstances; their principles were light, and their dissipations not reputable.' In short, many remonstrated to me; but he had now taken such a strong hold of my heart, that I quarrelled with all my advisers, and gave up every acquaintance who presumed to interfere between us. By this absurd conduct I was deprived of every friend, left solely in their power, and one evening, between jest and earnest, was drawn into a promise of giving him my hand the following morning.

"After we had parted for the night, I began to reflect on my inconsiderate concession, without any writings, settlements, or even inquiry into the circumstances of each other. Surely, I thought it would be an unpardonable folly to marry in such haste. I
passed

passed under great uneasiness ; in the morning before I had left my dressing-room, came Mr. and Mrs. Smith, elegantly dressed, and, as I found, with a licence in their pocket. Hurried and undetermined, I affected to consider the promise of the preceding night as a mere jest. Upon this they appeared to be violently offended, and reproached me with levity : I then ventured to mention fortune and settlements."

He fired again — " Fortune had never been an object of consideration with him, and had he not been well assured his own *was infinitely superior to mine*, he never should have addressed me. Such were *his* sentiments ; he was sorry to observe *I* was more interested, and *wisely* looked to *advantages* in my union *with him*."

Mortified by the reflections he threw out, ashamed of appearing less generous and disinterested than my lover, and fearful that if I persisted I should forfeit his esteem for ever ;

guided by love, though repugnant to reason, in a luckless hour I consented, and that very day we were married. For several weeks nothing could be more delightful than my situation, balls, suppers, a round of company, dress and entertainments, engrossed every hour. My husband appeared extravagantly fond of me, his mother idolized me; but in all this time not a word was said relative to settlements, though he had the full possession of my fortune, near sixteen thousand pounds. At length he seemed, I thought, less attentive, and gradually devoted himself entirely to play. Mrs. Smith was also never so happy as at the card tables, or coquetting with the Gentlemen. She far excelled me in her dress and appearance, and by degrees assumed a superiority over me, both to the servants and in company, which hurt and disgusted me. Our house was now for ever full of Gentlemen. Mr. Smith had purchased a billiard-table, and numbers came to it, besides the constant sets at whist and other games.

“ One

“ One evening I was sitting in my dressing-room, and my meditations not over pleasant, when he came in, and looking very cross, “ I have had devillish bad luck to day, lost every bet, and every rubber ; upon my soul I am cursed unlucky, and am in for an immense sum.”

“ I am sorry to hear it (I replied ;) I wish you would endeavour to combat against that fatal propensity to play ; really our house is little better than a common gambling table.”

“ This observation threw him into a violent rage, and he vented his ill-humour in the most insolent and insulting expressions possible to be expressed. I did not hear them unmoved, and at length highly provoked, I upbraided him with dissipating my fortune, and demanded to know “ when he intended making me any settlement.”

With a look of equal rage and contempt, he answered, “ *Never* ; the woman who can-

not trust to the generosity of her *husband*, should have been more prudent in her choice, and have guarded against the power she has thrown into his hands."

With these words he left me. My situation may be more easily guessed at than described. The following day he took that small house on the opposite side of the wood, made some alterations in it to render it habitable; and informed me, in the most cutting insulting manner, *that* was to be my residence, that his friends nor pleasures might not be broken in upon by my ill-humours."

It was in vain to remonstrate; I was compelled to obey; his mother remained with him. He sometimes came and staid a night; at other times they would both come, dine with me, and return together, barely treating me with common civility. For some time past I have seen them uneasy and discontented, and I very well remember observing you pass the house one day when he was with
me :

me : I said, " There is a stranger, I suppose one of the English, who have possession of the city."

He started back—" Cursed fate !" he exclaimed. " Would to Heaven the ship that brought him had sunk in the ocean."

Extremely surprised, I asked, " If he knew you ?"

" Yes," he replied, " as a wretch, an enemy to your country, and hated in his own."

No more was said, nor did the circumstance dwell on my memory. I saw and heard enough at different times to be convinced, that, by the most unbounded extravagance and dissipations, he would very soon run through my fortune ; what his own was I never could obtain any information. I grew unhappy and melancholy ; his temper grew morose, and even furious at times, if I attempted to speak on domestic affairs, and

thus I had cause to repent of my imprudence most feelingly. The unexpected meeting with my poor sister you have heard ; but it is not possible for you to conceive the variety of painful emotions that seized on my heart when I saw her distress, and knew how greatly I had wronged her.

The unexpected entrance of Mr. Smith, in a very bad humour, obliged us to separate : I hoped she would linger in the wood, and return when he was gone. He demanded of me " how I dared to be so imprudent as to permit such low wretches to enter my apartment ? The next thing (said he) will be, that she will bring in a gang to rob the house ; but I shall prevent their having much booty, however."

He then ordered a large trunk to be brought, packed up the little plate he had allowed me, all the table and bed linen, and, in short, every thing that was valuable and profitable. This he ordered to be carried
to

to his other house. Much astonished, I asked, "If I was to accompany him?"

"No (he replied;) when you want a change it can be brought to you; but I shall not have my property lost through your meanness and folly."

He left me—left me for ever! Mrs. Smith stopped some moments to subdue her agitations, and then resumed her narrative.

"I neither saw him or his mother until yesterday, when she came to me, and informed me, that, in consequence of a sudden and unfortunate event, Mr. Smith was obliged to go on a journey, and requested to see me immediately. You just then was seen at the door. She seemed alarmed. — Deny yourself (said she;) what can that man want? No good, I dare say. I had, I own, the same idea. When you persisted in seeing me, she flew and locked the door. Say you will see him to-morrow (she cried, greatly agitated.)

agitated.) I did so, equally alarmed at your appearance and her fright. When you had turned from the house, without giving me time to make any observations, she bid me hasten with her to my husband. I was excessively hurried, and knew not what conjectures to form, but readily accompanied her. On our arrival here, instead of meeting him, his servant delivered her a letter, containing simply these words :

“ I am obliged to set off immediately ; you will hear farther from me to-morrow.”

Terrified to death by this mysterious conduct, I entreated Mrs. Smith “ to disclose all she knew of his affairs, assuring her the worst could not exceed my apprehensions.”

“ I know but little more than yourself, (answered she.) He has lost large sums lately, and it is necessary that he should go to New-York to look after some property there. We shall soon follow. The servants are discharged ;

charged ; only this one man left, and to-morrow, I suppose, we shall hear where we are to meet ; we can then dispose of the furniture in both houses."

I saw now I was completely undone, and at the mercy of a man who had ruined, and never loved me. All the plate, linen, and every thing of value in this house, were gone. I made several inquiries of her and the servant ; I could only get vague and uncertain answers. I retired to bed, overwhelmed with misery. I rose this morning scarcely alive, and went to Mrs. Smith's apartment. Judge my astonishment, when I found she had never been in bed ! I ran from room to room—rang for the servant—no one appeared—her clothes—every thing—were gone, merely the furniture left ! On a bench, in the passage, I found a key to the street-door (there having, I suppose, been two, as the door was locked) and a slip of paper under it : Here it is, said she, taking a scrap from her pocket.

Biddulph hastily took the paper, and instantly recognized the writing to be Mrs. Biddulph's, with these words: "We shall see you no more; Mr. Smith is ruined; the furniture at both houses are your's; the produce may put you in some way to get your bread; we shall leave America directly."

"Good Heaven! (exclaimed he) what schemes of iniquity—what depravity of mind! My conjectures were right. This is her hand; I know it but too well."

"How Sir! (cried Mrs. Smith) are you then acquainted with my unworthy husband?"

"Too well, indeed! (replied Biddulph;) he is a most incorrigible villain. I, Madam, have suffered severely by his impositions: But pray go on, you shall know all by and bye."

"I have but little more to say (added she, in great emotion.) My distraction you may easily

easily conceive. I flew from this house to the other, which, to my great surprise, I found on the latch, the outside gate only bolted, which was within my reach. On entering the house, no servant appeared, the girl was gone, in my bed room my trunks were opened, and the few jewels and laces I had, taken away ! Almost frantic, I locked up the house, and ran to several little cottages on the skirts of the wood to inquire for the girl. No one had seen her. I then hastened back, thinking it possible she might be here waiting for me. So great were my agitations, that I was insensible how I walked, nor observed any one until I came suddenly upon you. Now, Sir, you know all ; you see me poor and abandoned, like my poor Maria, but not like her, happily released from trouble ; *I must live to suffer more.*"

She pronounced those words in a tone of despair, that roused Biddulph to recollection, for he had been lost in thought in a retrospection of past events, which the idea
of

of William Biddulph, and his worthless mother, had given rise to.

“Despair not, Madam (said he, in a compassionate tone) you are indeed a victim to the basest of wretches, but your misfortunes have done away the remembrance of your errors; in the grave let your faults be forgotten. He then advised her to send for some trusty person to place in the one house, and a servant to attend her in the other, until her affairs could be investigated.”

“Most fortunately (said she) I do not immediately want money, for three hundred pounds are in the hands of a Gentleman in this town, to whom my father lent it, and it was some time after my marriage when he called upon me with the interest. I had wisdom enough not to mention it to Mr. Smith, as he early shewed a want of generosity in pecuniary matters. This sum, I have been given to understand, I may call in at a very short notice, and the Gentleman I know

know will not pay any one else but myself, as I have his bond."

Mr. Biddulph was glad to hear she had such a resource, small as it was. He then proposed her going with him to Mrs. Nelson's. She was much agitated.

"Pardon me (said she) I cannot stand the melancholy scene; a reproaching heart, and spirits worn down as mine, cannot support the self-accusation, which must strike me when I view an unfortunate sister and her child victims, too probably, to my arts and inhumanity."

He did not press her further, but staid in the house while she went into the neighbourhood, and procured a young girl to return and remain with her. He then took his leave, and returned to Barclay, not having time to call at Mrs. Franklyn's. Barclay was surprised at his long stay, and on his entrance observed by his looks that he was

full of intelligence, and had met with something extraordinary. Biddulph soon put him out of suspense, by relating every thing that had occurred in the morning. Barclay, tho' he abounded in the milk of human kindness, could not repress a sentiment like pleasure, that his lamented Maria was not the only sufferer ; but his humanity presently got the better of his first feelings, and he owned Mrs. Smith was greatly to be pitied.

Biddulph then explained to him who this Mr. Smith was, and by that explanation it was evident he had basely deceived the unhappy woman, who called herself his wife, every way. " Their whole conduct (said he) has been a scene of villany ; plunged into vice, they rush forward to fresh crimes every day, and had I not, by experience, been fatally convinced of their vileness and duplicity, I should have thought it impossible for such characters to exist."

" Human

“ Human nature is very depraved (observed Barclay) and when once we indulge in a propensity to vice and folly, it is extremely difficult to stop, much more to retreat. I believe few men at first think of going the lengths that they are gradually drawn into; but one folly produces another, and a succession of them renders the mind callous, and even bold in infamy: However, for her worthy parent’s sake, and because she is unfortunate, I will be the protector of Mrs. Smith, and will set every engine at work to discover the wretch who has so cruelly deceived her. I will write a line preparatory to my seeing her, which cannot be till after *to-morrow*, and then all my resentments shall be buried in the grave of her sister !”

Biddulph, very anxious to know the result of Mrs. Edey’s interposition in his behalf, thought he would wait on her, previous to calling on his friend Peter.” The moment he appeared at Mrs. Edey’s door he was admitted.

“ I

“ I am glad to see thee, friend (said she, with a gracious nod) sit thee down, and I will relate unto thee my converse with neighbour Bailey, and the maiden Harriot. I communicated to them thy conversation with me: I spoke of thee, as thee seemest to be, a friendly, goodly-looking, young man, and assured them thou hadst no design, but civility towards them. The maiden was confounded, I think, and seemed not very much displeased, but friend Bailey abused thee much. She had received a letter very greatly to thy prejudice, I know not from whom; but as it came from one that knows thee, and we know no more of thee than from thy own report, assuredly there is equal credit due to the letter writer as to thyself. — Truth obliges me to say this. Do not thee interrupt (continued she, observing Bidulph going to speak) I took thy part as much as I could do, and Harriot said, no attention ought to be given to any information where the author was afraid or ashamed to set his name. This produced great wrath
from

from neighbour Bailey ; she was very severe upon the maiden, and sent her from the room weeping. I reproved her severity, and then, in a passion, I discovered the cause of her anger against thee, and the poor child. Friend Franklyn has made her will, and given the trust of her daughter and small fortune into the hands of friend Bailey. She foolishly conceived thee liked the maiden, and that the child liked thee, and therefore might, if neighbour Franklyn saw thee, supersede her trust, by consenting to an union between thee and her daughter. The foolish woman forgot thee wert our enemy, and that the poor thing, *so very young* as she is, is hastening to the bosom of Abraham. I reasoned with her, but she was obstinate. I then asked for the child : I was told she was returned to her mother, who is in great danger, and cannot recover ; so thee seest it is in vain to expect any entrance into that house, for neighbour Bailey has the entire dominion there."

Mortified

Mortified and perplexed, Biddulph rose, and walked the room absorbed in thought, without speaking.

“Thee needest not pace about, and look so sorrowful (said Mrs. Edey :) Come, come, young man, thee mayst find friends beside the Franklyns. I tell thee thou lookest to have a proper person, and if thee wilt quit the trade of war, and become one of the faithful, thou shalt be the friend of my bosom. My husband wanteth a young man as his steward and overseer, I will speak in thy behalf.”

At this instant, unexpectedly, entered Mr. Edey. Seeing Biddulph, he drew himself up as stately as a pine : “What wanteth this young man ?” demanded he of his loving consort.

“He is come to offer his services to thee,” answered she, a little confused.

“I

“ I want him not (returned the Quaker, still stiffly viewing him.) Friend, I have no occasion for thee; I employ none in my concerns but the brethren, therefore thee mayst depart; thee camest here unfriendly to our interest; thee art hostile to our cause, therefore I say, young man, I like thee not.”

“ Why, what aileth thee, Reuben?” asked Mrs. Fdey, in a soft voice: “ Why is thy spirit moved against the young man?”

“ Because thou art moved in his favour, (answered he :) I like not the profane to cross my door.”

“ I tell thee, Reuben, the young man may be useful; if he liveth with us, he may soon be visited by the spirit, and cleave unto us as one of the faithful.”

“ I say unto thee *nay*,” replied Reuben, in a loud voice, that roused Biddulph from his reverie, in which he had been so lost as
scarcely

scarcely to attend to this curious dispute. — Hastily turning to them, with a bow, “I am obliged to your kindness, Madam, and sincerely wish you health. I leave Philadelphia in two days, perhaps never to return.” Slightly bowing to Mr. Edey, he quitted the house, overwhelmed with vexation, hopeless of seeing the lovely Harriot, and almost distracted at the reflection of her being so entirely in the power of Mrs. Bailey. One only ray of hope could he adduce to save him from despair, the friendly offices of Mr. Barclay in his absence, and the intelligence that Mrs. Nelson would obtain through Peter, might possibly together afford some opportunity of acquainting Harriot with his sentiments and situation. He returned to his lodgings very dejected. Barclay saw it, and pitied him; but he was not in a state of mind himself at that time to be capable of giving any consolation to another.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

THE following day witnessed the last solemn duties paid to the unfortunate Maria, and her ill-fated child; one grave held them, and in that awful repository she rested from sorrow, and all her errors were forgotten.

Biddulph, though much affected himself, was obliged to assume a fortitude he did not possess, that he might speak comfort to his new friend Barclay, whose emotions, though not violent, were very distressing, and called for his kindest attentions. As the next morning

morning was fixed upon for his return to the camp, he wished to see the unfortunate Mrs. Smith that evening; he entreated Barclay to accompany him.

“ I wish to see you meet friendly before I leave you (said he) we will mingle our sorrows together, the sooner it is over the better, you both want consolation, and grief, when participated, will be less poignant.”

“ It is a painful effort (replied Barclay) that you impose upon me. I dread to see her. I cannot behold her without feeling regret and resentment, yet she is penitent—she is unhappy—she is already punished.—Yes, I will see her, and in memory of her good parents, and beloved sister, for their sakes I will be her friend.”

Biddulph did not give him time to deliberate farther, but hastened him to the house. When Barclay and she saw each other, both started and recoiled, his mourning habit and
dejected

dejected countenance, his arm in a sling, and his whole appearance so touching, shocked her extremely ; she fell back in the chair from whence she had risen, and burst into a flood of tears.

Barclay, from the gay, haughty and unfeeling young woman, he had never esteemed, saw a form wasted by grief, a spirit subdued by ill usage, and a mind oppressed by a conscious sense of its errors ; he saw she wanted not the sting of reproach to add additional wounds to her own feelings ; he threw himself into a chair, and contemplated her a few moments in silence. The natural goodness of his heart, however, softened him in her favour when he beheld her sorrow, and recollected her situation : He arose and took her hand — “ Mrs. Smith (said he) let us avoid unavailing retrospections that must give pain to us both ; think of me as the friend of your family ; as *your* friend, you shall find me such. Do not revert to any past circumstances on certain subjects ; let

your own concerns occupy your mind, and see me ready to do you every service in my power."

She attempted to speak, but the words died on her tongue ; confusion, grief and remorse, were evidently portrayed in her countenance.

Biddulph, to relieve both, mentioned his departure for the camp, regretted that he must so soon leave them, and requested a correspondence with Barclay as the only alleviation to that regret.

" You forget your situation and mine, (said Barclay) and how unlikely that a correspondence will be permitted, or, if permitted, from the nature of things, how many chances there are that our letters may miscarry."

" I did, indeed, forget these unpleasant circumstances (answered he) but I cannot
reign

resign the hope of an intercourse between us sometimes. I should be most wretched, indeed, if I thought all communications would be prevented."

"*Hope still*, my young friend (said Barclay, with a dejected air) a thousand fortunate incidents may realize *your* hopes and wishes; at least, you have no cause to despair, for both possibilities and probabilities are in your favour."

Biddulph saw by the turn of his features to what he alluded, and, in a comparative sense, could not but acknowledge, there did exist a chance for his future happiness, although that chance appeared exceedingly remote and uncertain.

Mrs. Smith expressed a good deal of regret at parting with him, and as he was materially concerned in knowing the future plans and residence of her husband (as she styled him) and his mother, he requested,

with great earnestness (which she thought entirely resulted from his compassion for her) to have every possible information collected, and sent to him when his place of residence was fixed upon; if, indeed, in his desultory arrangements he should be settled at any particular station.

This Mr. Barclay assured him of; he knew his reasons; but as they had before agreed it would be, for the present, cruel and unnecessary to acquaint Mrs. Smith with the whole of the deception practised on her, and that she was not legally a wife, he avoided any farther explanation of his motives, and suffered her to believe, *her* interest only influenced him in the request.

Biddulph left Barclay and Mrs. Smith together, whilst he once more attempted to gain admittance at Mrs. Franklyn's. Peter opened the door.

“ My

“ My good friend (said Biddulph) may I be permitted to see your young Lady ?”

“ Ah ! no, Sir,” answered he, tears trembling in his eyes, “ no, you cannot, indeed ; our dear mistress is at the point of death. Poor Miss Harriot can neither sleep nor eat, and that sorry old vixen, Mrs. Bailey, orders every thing here, and carries herself very harsh, indeed, to poor Miss. Ah ! Lord, I wish her old friend under-ground would come and fetch her away, she is so deadly cross to us all.”

Biddulph, greatly agitated, scarce knew what to say, or how to withdraw himself from the house ; but seeing Peter looking fearfully round, he recollected himself :—“ I wish not to draw any displeasure upon you, my honest friend ; but if you will constantly inform Mrs. Nelson of every transaction in your house, you will be guilty of no impropriety, and may serve me most essentially.” Slipping a guinea into his hand, he reluc-

tantly quitted the door, Peter assuring him of his obedience to his commands.

He returned to his lodgings under a good deal of anxiety. He met Barclay little less sorrowful from his visit to Mrs. Smith, and not less concerned at the idea of parting from Biddulph, for whom he had conceived a warm esteem. They passed a melancholy evening; the uncertainty of his destination, the unpleasant situation of Harriot, and the impossibility of relinquishing his station in the army for the present, altogether gave Biddulph the most poignant uneasiness.

Barclay assured him "he would watch over his interests in Philadelphia, and by some means get introduced to Mrs. Bailey and Harriot; that care (he said) and Mrs. Smith's concerns, would occupy his mind, and employ his time, he hoped equally for their advantage, and his own peace."

Early

Early on the succeeding day Biddulph, with an oppressed heart, took leave of Mr. Barclay, and, attended by his servant Andrew, repaired to the head-quarters at German-Town. On his arrival he waited on the Commander, and was informed a detachment was to march the following morning at day-break, to intercept a foraging party, whom their scouts had discovered a few miles from the camp. After the battle at German Town, General Washington had retreated to Valley-Forge, fifteen or sixteen miles from Philadelphia, where he caused temporary huts to be erected, that might enable his troops to support the rigour of the coming season. The wonderful resolution, patience, perseverance, the attachment to their General, which pervaded throughout the whole American camp, evinced such unshaken determination to bear with every inconvenience, and struggle through every difficulty under his command, whom they looked up to as a father and a preserver, that every thinking, sensible mind was convinced, the

war would not be of a short duration, should England persist in her demands, and prosecute the war until America was tired, or entirely subdued. The foraging parties, and occasional detachments, continually harassed the British troops on similar duty, for having the advantage of knowing their ground, the latter frequently suffered in their little skirmishes.

One of these parties had become rather formidable, and it was resolved to send a pretty strong detachment to watch their motions. On this duty Biddulph was ordered, and accordingly set out on his march by break of day. Passing through a wood, which greatly impeded their way, they suddenly descried a party advancing towards them, and in a few moments after, an engagement ensued, in which, after a severe contest, the Americans were victorious, chiefly owing to the disadvantages under which their opponents laboured, being entangled by the wood and uneven ground, which they knew not
how

how to encounter with. Unhappily Biddulph was wounded, and taken prisoner; he fought with the desperation of a man careless of life; but was overpowered, and carried in triumph, with several others, to the camp.

Andrew, his faithful servant, surrendered himself to the victors, requesting he might be permitted to attend his master. This the commanding officer of the party humanely granted, and learning that Mr. Biddulph was a young man of family and fortune, a volunteer, he ordered him every accommodation their situation would admit of. His wounds were found not dangerous, and in a day or two, being able to sit up in his bed, he sent his compliments to the commander of the party that had taken him, and requested to see him. This Gentleman, Colonel Mifflin, had been a Quaker; but inspired by military ardour, and a desire of serving his country, he had quitted his household gods, an amiable wife, and the olive-branch which distinguishes his sect, and repaired to the

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Jerseys,

Jerseys, that he might have the glory to command under General Washington. He instantly attended Mr. Biddulph, and, in the most condescending humane manner, asked his commands ?

“ I wish to thank you, Sir (replied Biddulph) for the very kind treatment I have received by your orders.”

“ For the common duties of humanity, (returned the other) you owe me no obligations, since I only fought the gratification of my own feelings ; but if you can put it in my power to serve you in any thing that is consistent with my duty, name it without reserve.”

“ And if any thing can reconcile me to a situation so mortifying to a soldier (answered Biddulph) it must be the consolation that I have fallen into the hands of a brave, and equally generous, man. I have a friend, Sir, in Philadelphia, and what will, perhaps, surprise

prise you, he is an American, zealous in the cause of his country, and but lately returned from France; but, however differently we might think on political subjects, our hearts seemed congenial in other points. He, I know, will feel uneasy on my account: I wish to inform him where I am. Can you have the goodness to instruct me by what means I can convey intelligence? A few lines open for inspection, simply to acquaint him that I am alive, and in generous hands, is the extent of my wishes."

"And to the extent of my power (answered Colonel Miffin) I will try to comply with them. At present all communication between our troops and the inhabitants being cut off, to write any individual would, most probably, prove fruitless; but fortunately the General is going to send a flag of truce on business to Lord Cornwallis, and I will request your letter may be sent at the same time."

G.6

Biddulph

Biddulph warmly thanked the friendly Colonel, and soon composed a few lines to Barclay, beseeching him "to remember the situation of his heart, anxious for the health of Miss Franklyn and Mrs. Smith; and to believe, that, if he had been unsuccessful, he had endeavoured to do his duty, though that duty was, perhaps, repugnant to the wishes of his friend. He mentioned Colonel Mifflin with respect and esteem, as a brave and generous enemy."

Mr. Biddulph had remained near a week in the American camp in a state of convalescence, when some dispatches from New-York and Albany arrived, requiring reinforcements in those parts. The immense distance, the difficulty of crossing the Delaware, then covered with ice, rendered it impracticable, at that time, to assist them, who, alarmed by the taking of Ticonderago, and the rapid march of Burgoyne towards Albany, had sent forward expresses to the different armies for reinforcements.

These

These expreffes were quickly followed by others, with an account of the furrender of the Englifh army to General Gates. They arrived on the very day when the battle at Fort Red-Bank took place, and the Heffians were fo feverly repulfed.

Biddulph heard thefe circumftances, fo difgraceful to his country, with real concern, particularly as he faw how much it elated the Americans, whofe refentment and averfion to the Britifh nation daily gained ground, and left but little room for hope that they would ever hearken to any accommodations, whilft their immense refources in a country fo favourable to their detached parties, and fo little known to our troops, gave them a decided fuperiority.

Whilft he remained in the camp, he was extremely defirous of feeing General Washington, in a more familiar point of view than commanding his troops, having expreffed his wifhes to one of the officers, Mr. De Mauduit,

Mauduit, a French Gentleman, who had frequently visited him. He was one evening invited to the General's tent, if it could be called such, being very little superior to the common huts erected for the troops. Mr. De Mauduit introduced him. The General received him with a polite affability that banished reserve, and that little confusion naturally felt from his situation. The conversation was free and unreserved, without at all reverting to political subjects, or any thing that could offend the feelings of an Englishman.

Biddulph was extremely sensible of this delicacy, and, charmed with the amiable manners of Washington, he remarked with what animation, respect and affection, every officer addressed him. It was not the distant respect of a subaltern to his General, whose supercilious self-consequence inspired awe and restraint; it was the involuntary effusions of love and confidence mingled with admiration. He returned to his quarters
highly

highly gratified with beholding a man so generally esteemed, even by those whose principles differed from his own, and who reprobated the cause in which he was engaged. Two days after this interview Mr. De Mauduit brought him the General's permission to accompany several officers (who had been taken wounded in the action at Red-Bank) on their return to Philadelphia. — This French officer attended them himself to General Howe, and was received by that Gentleman with respect and politeness.

Biddulph, whose wounds had been of no material consequence, was now almost well, and having leave from the General to return to his private quarters, he joyfully repaired to Mrs. Nelson's, and within a few minutes was heartily welcomed by Mr. Barclay, and that good woman.

Impatient for intelligence, "Tell me (he cried) what has passed in my absence, Mrs.
and

and Miss Franklyn, Mrs. Smith, how, and where are they?"

"I wrote to you yesterday (said Barclay) not then expecting your return. I wish I could give you every satisfactory information, but ——."

"But *what*?" exclaimed Biddulph, hastily: "I cannot conceal any thing from you; Mrs. Franklyn died the day subsequent to your departure from us. She has left her daughter, with about four thousand pounds, to the care of Mrs. Bailey; nay, has even made her consent necessary to her marriage until the age of one-and-twenty. In consequence of this power she is going to quit Philadelphia; some say to New-York, others, that she has relations who live at Albany, and that she is determined to brave the rigours of the season, the chance of war, and, I may say, throw herself into the midst of the enemy, as, it is much feared, Burgoyne will soon be in possession of Albany. This
last

last project appears so rash and chimerical, that I cannot give credit to it; but it is impossible to obtain any certain information. She admits no visitors, not even the Quakers, and Mrs. Franklyn has been buried about a week, and Peter says Miss Harriot grieves incessantly; but he had no opportunity of speaking to her alone; the Old Vixen, as he calls her, never leaves her a moment.

“ I am sorry to distress you (added he, observing Biddulph had thrown himself on the back of a chair much agitated :) However, they are yet in their house, and love, which is ever ingenious, may suggest some plan to obtain an entrance there. As for Mrs. Smith she has received the three hundred pounds borrowed of her, and an offer from the Gentleman, a very old man, with a maiden sister nearly as old, and more infirm than himself, to reside with them. I have, on the contrary, urged her to dispose of all the furniture in both houses, and accept of an annuity from me; but she seems to coincide

coincide with her old friend's wishes, and of course I must give up the point in some degree, though determined she shall not be dependent upon him. Thus I have satisfied your curiosity, and thank you heartily for your friendly letter, which relieved us from a good deal of anxiety."

"My dear Barclay (cried Biddulph) your relation has pained me to the soul. The lovely Harriot's situation is intolerable; nor can I conceive how it was possible Mrs. Franklyn could be so infatuated as to confide such a treasure to the controul of a woman like Mrs. Bailey. Nothing, however, shall impede me from making an effort to obtain an interview with Miss Franklyn; my happiness depends upon it, for I am nearly distracted when I reflect that she is taught to hold me unworthy of her esteem."

After some consultation Peter was called in, and questioned relative to the maid-servant. His answers gave no sort of encouragement

agement that any assistance could be obtained of her, and Biddulph was almost driven to despair, when Peter suddenly cried out, "A thought has just struck me; at the bottom of the garden is a small summer-house, the back of which, and the wall, join with one part of the wood, where the rubbish and weeds from the garden are thrown. Now Miss often goes down there to cry and lament by herself. From the rubbish, I think, Sir, you could easily get over the wall, and hide either in the summer-house, or among the trees on one side of it, until you saw her. She used to go generally after breakfast there."

This plan delighted Biddulph, and he resolved to profit by it. That very evening he went to reconnoitre the place in the wood, and was convinced he could easily get over. Another person might have thought it impossible, but love lessens difficulties, and despises danger. The intermediate hours were insufferably tedious, rest forsook his pillow,
and

and when the morning began to dawn, he threw himself out of bed, to get ready for his intended excursion to the wood. He set off at an early hour, and arriving at the desired spot, found more obstacles to putting his design in execution than he was aware of. In fact, he was obliged to labour by drawing the rubbish together, and placing stones to heighten the ascent. With a good deal of fatigue he reached the top of the wall, and at no little hazard dropped down among the trees and shrubs that surrounded the summer-house. Having recovered his footing, he entered the room, which was separated by a sliding partition from one adjoining, less than the first, and chiefly filled with books and flowers. This inner-room had a full view of the house and walk leading to it. He had written a few lines to leave on the table preparatory to seeing her, and waited with anxious expectation for the desired moment. Upwards of an hour had passed, when, to his infinite mortification, he saw his lovely Harriot walking slowly towards

wards him, accompanied by Mrs. Bailey. — This was an event, against which, though a very natural one, he had never prepared, and in his confusion neglecting to hasten out, they turned into the walk which fronted the entrance door, and precluded all possibility of leaving the summer-house without being seen, for the trees had lost great part of their foliage, and the shrubs were not sufficiently thick to conceal him if he had gone out at the window: Nothing therefore remained but to get under the table, which, having a green cloth over it, almost reaching to the ground, was the only retreat now in his power. The Ladies entered the outer room, engaged in a very interesting conversation, of which he did not lose one syllable.

“ It is very provoking, child, you should presume to make objections to my plan, when you know you are so entirely in my power.”

“ A

“ A power, however, Madam, that I cannot implicitly subscribe to (answered Harriot) because I think it unjustly obtained.”

“ A fine dutiful daughter, indeed ! Here your mother has not been dead much above a fortnight, and you already accuse her of injustice, and contest the rights she has in wisdom, and from prudence, knowing my honour and abilities, delegated to me ! For shame, Miss, if you learned obedience to your mother’s will, and thought less of the English fellow, whose officious intelligence killed both your sister and mother, let me tell you it would be more to your credit.”

Harriot, who, from the first mention of her mother’s death had been drowned in tears, endeavoured to repress them, and, in a voice scarcely articulate, yet expressive of indignation, said, “ Permit me to tell *you*, Mrs. Bailey, that had I thought fit to disturb the last moments of a beloved and ever-regretted parent, with an account of your duplicity,

duplicity, your selfish schemes and unjust prejudices, you never, Madam, would have retained that power you boast of : I know its full extent ; but never will I meanly bow to it, or scruple to avow the sentiments of my heart on any occasion : I therefore plainly tell you, your cousin never can, never shall, be any thing to me. You may prevent my marriage, but you cannot force me to give my hand against my inclinations."

" That shall be tried (answered she, in a rage) and you shall know I can exact your obedience." With these words she flung out of the room, and walked towards the house.

Biddulph, who heard *her* go, and the ill-treated Harriot burst into a paroxysm of tears, removed from his hiding-place, and watched the former into the house, then laying the letter on the table, he made a little noise that might attract the attention of the latter. He succeeded, for Harriot drawing back the partition, thinking the gardener was there, beheld

beheld the letter on the table. She advanced, took it up, and saw it addressed to herself :

“ Good Heavens ! (exclaimed she, in a tremulous voice, and sinking into a chair) good Heavens ! from whence came this, and from whom ?” For a few moments she looked at the seal irresolute ; at length resumming courage, “ I will open it (said she) what have I to fear ?” She broke the seal, and read simply these words :

“ Be not alarmed, Madam, if an unjustly proscribed man is anxious to throw himself at your feet, to clear his fame, and devote every moment of his future life to your service.

BIDDULPH.”

“ Astonishing ! (cried she) how came this here ? Doubtless, by the gardener. He little knows the utter impossibility of his entrance into any house, where Mrs. Bailey commands ;

commands; besides, neither delicacy nor honour will permit me to see him."

"O, say not so; revoke that cruel sentence!" exclaimed he, disengaging himself from his situation, and rising at the same moment that Harriot fell lifeless on the floor. Luckily he broke the fall, though he could not save her from it, and poured forth a torrent of execrations on himself for his abruptness. By giving her air, she very soon recovered, and looking up in a frightened averted manner, "Good God! Sir, how came you here?"

"Let me not waste these precious moments by entering into unnecessary details," answered he. "I know, Madam, I have been calumniated. You are prejudiced against me. Honour calls upon me to vindicate my character. The most perfect esteem and admiration for *you* compels me to do myself justice, that I may not stand condemned in

your opinion. Harriot had now a little recovered herself.

“ You will pardon me, Sir, if I cannot listen to any conversation in this place, under circumstances so improper. I have no right to inquire into any particulars relative to a Gentleman so little known, and whom, it is more than probable, I never shall be permitted to see again. By whatever means you came here, I must request you never will repeat the—I was going to say, intrusion.”

“ I see, Madam (cried Biddulph) I see I am fated to be miserable ; the machinations of my enemies have prevailed, and you have judged me without a hearing : But is that just, is it generous ?” His emotions would not permit him to say more. She was affected.

“ Be not offended, Sir, we are almost strangers ; I am unhappily circumstanced ; I have lost ——.” She stopped, painfully oppressed ;

pressed; I have lost every dear and valuable friend; I am an orphan, deprived of the dearest of mother's; almost a stranger to the world, and under the authority of a person, to whom my lamented mother delegated her power. Were it known that I entertained any one in this place, my character, my peace, might be destroyed for ever. Adieu, Sir, adieu; retire from hence, now and for ever, if you wish me well."

"*If* I wish you well," repeated Biddulph, "Great God! will that admit of doubt! Stay one moment, I conjure you, I have a friend, a respectable one; Mr. Barclay, see him, *hear him* at least, if you reject me."

"If Mr. Barclay can gain an admittance to this house properly, I will hear him, or you; but never, Sir, will I entertain any man clandestinely. I am obliged for your intentions, for your good wishes; you have mine most sincerely in return." With these

words she hastily left the room, and ran up the garden."

Never was man so vexed, so confused, as Biddulph. He almost resolved to follow her; but on recollection that a rash step like that might distress and displease her, he thought it best to return, and consult Barclay. In getting over the wall, a stone slipped under his foot; he fell, and sprained his ankle. With much pain and difficulty he reached Mrs. Nelson's, by which time his leg was so much swelled, that the good woman was frightened; she bathed it well, and he retired to bed; the agitations of his mind, and pain of body, inflamed the wound in his arm, which was not thoroughly healed, and by the morning he was exceedingly feverish, and in much pain. Barclay sent for medical assistance without consulting him. Biddulph was sensible of his kindness, and submitted to the regulations imposed upon him very readily, except keeping in bed; to that he objected, but the surgeon assured him it was absolutely necessary,

necessary, and Barclay, who easily guessed the cause from whence his objections to confinement originated, pressing his hand, —

“ Make yourself easy, my friend, appoint me your *double*, and fear not but that I may be a successful representative : It shall go hard if I do not match the wise schemes of an antiquated maiden. Suddenly recollecting himself, pray, Sir (demanded he of the surgeon) are you acquainted in the Franklyn family, or with Mrs. Bailey ?”

“ With both, Sir (replied he) for I attended Mrs. Franklyn and her daughter. — Unhappily theirs were cases beyond the reach of medicine. I lament the melancholy effects of grief and despair, as much on their own accounts, as because it has left a very lovely young woman in a state of mind that may possibly terminate equally fatal.”

“ Heaven forbid !” exclaimed Biddulph, quite off his guard. The surgeon smiled, but went on : “ I am the more apprehensive

for Miss Franklyn, not from any actual illness at present existing, more than a dejection and weakness naturally to be expected in a mind of sensibility, and a delicate frame like her's; but because she has a companion by no means calculated to sooth the one, or restore the other. You know Mrs. Bailey, Gentlemen?"

"Only by report," answered Mr. Barclay, "which is not at all favourable to the Lady."

"In this case," returned the surgeon, "Gossip Fame has done her no injustice; for if she has but few friends, she may thank her own malicious temper; and I most sincerely regret, that, in the small number of them, Mrs. Franklyn was included. Had that Lady known her disposition thoroughly, she never would have made her guardian of her daughter's person and fortune."

"We are of one sentiment on that subject, Mr. Manly (said Barclay) and to deal ingenuously

ingenuously with you, great part of *our* present illness (looking significantly at Bidulph) arises from that source. My friend here has some little acquaintance with Miss Franklyn. Mrs. Bailey has taken an unaccountable dislike to him, without being able to assign any cause for it, but her own prejudices; she has shut her door against him; nor can he obtain any interview with Miss Harriot; added to this, we are told, she intends going to the North."

"Well, well (answered Mr. Manly, smiling) I see I shall have the credit of curing my patients. Know then that I am a prodigious favourite with this old, formal, envious maiden; she once, I believe, formed some designs on my liberty; but finding me a ridiculous old bachelor, she is now contented with a few civil things my profession obliges me to say, and as I never contradict her absurdities, does me the honour to suppose I am perfectly of her opinion. Now I admire Miss Franklyn as much as I pity her:

I know *you*, Sir, and your character ; I am persuaded *a friend of your's* must be a worthy man : Command my services, therefore, in any way you please ; I shall see the Ladies this very evening."

Never was joy equal to Biddulph's. The Doctor's words were infinitely more efficacious than his prescriptions, and he joyfully accepted the offered services. He was requested, however, to repress his emotions, and let Mr. Manly take his own way on this first opening. He took leave with a promise of calling in upon them that evening on his return from Miss Franklyn. Barclay congratulated Biddulph on this unexpected dawn of good fortune, and hoped much from the Doctor's friendly interposition.

C H A P. VI.

IN the evening he made his expected appearance : " I have been uncommonly fortunate in my first mission (said he) so now hear me with patience (seeing Biddulph eager to speak) for *I* only am to be the talker. Very soon after my entrance, when I was particularly polite to Mrs. Bailey, she was informed Mrs. Crape wished to speak with her, and she hastily retired to another room. I addressed the lovely girl, who looked extremely languid, by asking a few trifling questions in my professional line, and blamed her neglect of the medicines I had

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ordered

ordered for her. 'Upon my word, young Lady, a few such patients as you, and a Gentleman under my care, a Mr. Biddulph, would soon starve your Doctor, and ruin his reputation.' "

" Mr. Biddulph ! " repeated she, blushing.
" Is he ill, Sir ? "

" Why, do you know him ? I asked. "

" I have seen a Gentleman of that name, (answered she, hesitatingly.) He came to this house on a very melancholy business. " She stopped.

" My knowledge of him is but slender, " said I, carelessly. " He was recommended to my care by Mr. Barclay, who is his very particular friend, and that Gentleman's friendship stamps him into value ; independent of which—here I will spare *your* modesty, tho' I did not prove sparing in your praise, how well warranted upon *an hour or two's* acquaintance

tance I will not say ; let Mr. Barclay look to that : However, I went on very glibly, concluding with lamenting, that by an accident of spraining your ankle, and a depression that seemed on your spirits, I had found a considerable degree of fever in the morning, and a tendency to inflammation in a wound you had recently received."

" In a battle (said she) against our country ! How much to be regretted that a man, such as you describe, should be engaged in a cause so unjust and oppressive !"

" My dear young Lady (I replied) let us judge things fairly ; he is an Englishman, and has imbibed the prejudices of his countrymen. *We feel*, because we are sufferers ; but the same cause, placed in a different point of view, may have influenced him to think he performs a duty. I reprobate this war as much as you do : I do not love the supporters of it ; but I would not prejudice myself against a worthy man, whose political

principles may happen to differ from mine ; but who may nevertheless possess many virtues."

" You have an enlarged heart, Mr. Manly (said she ;) perhaps my sentiments may, in some respects, coincide with your's ; but there are people who think very differently, and very few persons but what may have enemies, as well as friends. Mrs. Bailey, —, but I will not be the repeater of a scandalous tale, nor promulgate stories to the disadvantage even of an enemy."

" You will pardon me, my dear Miss Franklyn (said I) for observing, that, unless you say more, you have already said too much ; you have raised a suspicion against Mr. Biddulph, that may do him an irreparable injury."

" Heaven forbid !" cried she, earnestly :
" I know not how I came to be so unguarded as to mention any thing that might

warrant the observation, or excite your curiosity: However, I think I can depend upon your discretion, Mr. Manly, and therefore will confess to you, that, although Mr. Biddulph's business here was of the most melancholy nature, and both the cause he espoused, and his residence in this city was most repugnant to our principles and inclinations, there was a softness, an air of humane concern for the office he had undertaken, so productive of misery to us, that to me he appeared to feel for our distress, and evince a mind of sensibility and humanity. My dear, my much-regretted mother, ordered me to see and to thank him for his attentions: I had no reluctance to obey her. The subsequent illness and death of my poor sister precluded his visits for some time. — Mrs. Bailey, at my mother's request, took the lead in the house, as my grief and close attendance on her would not admit of my doing it. What motives influenced Mrs. Bailey in her first dislike to Mr. Biddulph, I know not; but she one day received an
anonymous

anonymous letter, accusing him of being ‘a libertine in every sense of the word; that he had materially injured all his family connexions, dissipated his fortune, was obliged to quit his country, and was now literally a soldier of fortune, whom poverty had driven to America, in the base hope of retrieving his circumstances by the plunder of its natives.’ The informer added, ‘that his exterior and manners were plausible and deceitful, and such as it would be dangerous to admit of as an acquaintance, where any *young Lady* resided.’ ”

Such were the outlines of the letter; by whom written, or for what other purpose than a friendly one towards us, I cannot divine; yet I confess, so strong was my prepossession in favour of Mr. Biddulph, that I earnestly requested Mrs. Bailey to let him peruse the letter. This she positively refused, and having influenced my mother against him, she had permission to forbid his visits. You will allow Mr. Manly, that as I could alledge
nothing

nothing in his favour, but from appearance and his own information, which to strangers was very limited, and the prepossession of the former adduced as a charge against him; I had no right to set up my judgment against my elders, and consequently was obliged to acquiesce in what I could not prevent. By the death of my mother I am subjected to the power of Mrs. Bailey. My dear parent, (added she, sighing) was partial, I may say blind, to those defects in her temper, which are likely to be a source of disquietude to me; but patience and submission to the will of the dear departed is both my duty and inclination."

When the amiable young Lady ceased speaking, said Mr. Manly, "I did not scruple to blame Mrs. Bailey for her unjust dislike to Mr. Biddulph, and the folly of paying any attention to anonymous scribblers, who dare not set their names to the propagation of scandal. I lamented her situation with Mrs. Bailey, and besought her to consider

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me as an *old* friend, and not a very *young* man, who was much interested for her future happiness, and ready on all occasions to prove the esteem I professed for her by any services to the extent of my power." She had scarce time to thank me before Mrs. Bailey returned.

"What here still, Mr. Manly? (said she, with an air of surprise, and not very courteous.) Your patients will not thank Miss Franklyn for detaining you so long."

This I took as a hint to be gone, so rising, with a low bow to her: "Indeed, Madam, I have every moment expected your return, which held me here, as I could not depart with pleasure until I had paid my devoirs to you." This compliment produced a gracious smile on my departure, that will smooth the way for another visit to-morrow. As Miss Harriot attended me to the parlour door I whispered, "Permit me to make your compliments to the poor invalid?"

"As

"As you please," was her reply, with a down-cast blushing face, that did not speak amiss; "and so here ends my tale, and now you may give vent to that impatience which has been so long trembling on your lips."

Biddulph caught the hand of the friendly Doctor: "My dear Sir! (cried he) how great are my obligations to you? You have restored me to life and hope. Convinced now that the lovely Harriot has no dislike to me, it must be my care to do away the ill-impressions this anonymous enemy has given birth to; I even think I can trace the hand that has stabbed me in the dark. My obligations to you, who have taken my merits upon trust, or rather through the medium of friendship, are infinite! You shall find, my dear Mr. Manly, I am not wholly unworthy of your kindness."

"Well, well (returned he) keep yourself quiet, you are much better; endeavour to compose your spirits, and we shall soon be enabled

enabled to counteract the dear old maiden, the guardian of your golden fruit. I shall call on you to-morrow previous to my visit there ; consider what I can do to serve you, and command me freely."

After his departure, Biddulph told his friend Barclay, that, during his tedious voyage from England, he had amused himself at different times with putting on paper the several events that had happened to him previous to his embarkation. " All my faults and errors (said he) are there set down without disguise or evasion ; I meant it as a future monitor, a pharos to guard me from such follies as had wounded my peace, and broken in upon my happiness, which I then thought clouded in for ever. I confess to you new sentiments have taken possession of my mind. Could I obtain the esteem, the hand of Miss Franklyn, I should again hail returning felicity. The first moment I saw her, I admired her ; her character—her affection to her family—her conversation and sentiments in the short

short visits I was permitted to pay her—have altogether confirmed the admiration first excited by her person and manners. I feel that I love her, that she is necessary to my existence, and that, if deprived of her, life will be a burthen to me. Those papers, my dear Barclay (continued he) are in that trunk, take the key, open and peruse them; they are the sincere transcripts of my mind, and if you judge that there will be no impropriety in the design, I think to transmit them to Miss Franklyn through the hands of Mr. Manly. You are already acquainted with the principal events, and therefore, if you please, may communicate them to him on his next visit. I ought certainly to have no reserves to him, as he has so kindly undertaken to plead my cause.”

Mr. Barclay approved of the intention, and on the next morning Mr. Manly had the memoir confided to him, which, after perusing, he assured them should find its way to Miss Franklyn.

During

During his absence Mrs. Smith came to pay Mr. Biddulph a visit; her countenance was clouded by sadness, and a dejection on her spirits evidently proved the melancholy she indulged preyed hard upon her. She appeared much rejoiced to find Mr. Biddulph recovering, and acquainted him that she had, the preceding day, given her final acquiescence to the friendly plan Mr. and Mrs. Freemore had proposed to her, and the following week she should remove to their house.

“ Your kind and undeserved offer, Sir, (said she to Mr. Barclay) I must beg leave to decline. The furniture in the houses I am offered four hundred pounds for, including the horses, cows, and other things in the granaries. This sum, with the three hundred pounds I am possessed of, will, when placed to an advantage, bring me in a decent income, sufficient to keep me above want. Whilst I reside with Mr. Freemore I must save money, and should any cause, which
we

we cannot foresee, produce a separation between us, my little independence shall be the bound of my wishes." Seeing Mr. Barclay about to speak, she added, "And should I ever, by sickness or accidents, find it *insufficient*, I will then, without reserve, apply to Mr. Barclay for assistance."

"On that condition, Madam (he replied) I will make no opposition to your intended plan; only remember me as the friend of your family, who will at all times find his own happiness in contributing to your comforts."

She bowed her thanks with a tearful eye; then turning to Mr. Biddulph, "I can neither trace, nor have I heard from, Mr. Smith, or his mother. I am entirely abandoned—a widowed wife! Ah! Sir, I may have deserved to suffer mortifications and distresses; but surely not from him."

"I

“ If I may be allowed to speak my sentiments (returned Biddulph) I think you are most fortunate in being left with your friends, rather than to share the toils and difficulties which doubtless he has to encounter with; besides, his internal feelings are not, I believe, to be envied.” Mrs. Smith shook her head, but made no reply, and very soon after took her leave.

It was late in the afternoon before Mr. Manly returned to satisfy the impatience of Mr. Biddulph, whose restlessness and anxiety began to be very troublesome.

“ My dear Sir !” cried Biddulph. —

“ Aye, aye,” said Manly, interrupting him, “ I see it all; you have been ready to cut my throat for keeping you in suspense, when, at the same time, I have been forced to tell a thousand lies, and cram the most fulsome compliments into the ears of an old hag to do you service. In a word then, the
memoir

memoir is delivered; but on my entrance I found the old dragon watching her treasure. I chatted with both, told fifty anecdotes, not of the most charitable tenor, to put the virgin in good humour, and, to my sorrow, succeeded so well, that she seemed determined not to leave my company. Staying till my watch reminded me of the dinner hour, I at length reluctantly rose to take leave, endeavouring to catch the eye of Miss Franklyn that she might follow me; when the dear delighted Miss Bailey, desirous of more vanity food and scandal broth, civilly asked me to partake of their dinner, which I accepted without hesitation; upon which, for a moment, she left the room. I seized the golden opportunity, and giving the papers to Miss Franklyn, 'read these alone (said I, hastily) they may be of consequence to your future happiness.' I had time for no more. She was much surprised and confused, and had scarce time to lock them in a work trunk which luckily stood open, before the old woman returned, looking as sharp as a razor;

razor; and I was forced for the following hours to do penance sometimes, with my tongue, to gratify her vanity, though indeed my eyes and ears were feasted by the lovely Harriot, who is in truth a most delightful girl!"

"My best, my dearest friend!" cried Bidulph —.

"A truce to your raptures, I beseech you," said Manly; "I know how to estimate all the fine things you can say to me; but to be serious, if I can, in the honourable office of a go-between, render Miss Franklyn and you any service, it will be a pleasure to myself; for, although I am a bachelor, and an *elderly* man (I would not say *old* for the world) yet I am neither morose nor fastidious. I have no objections to my friends being shackled, if they like it, though I do not chuse to drag a chain for life; and therefore, if you can persuade Miss Franklyn to give up the charms of Miss Bailey's company,

pany, and prefer the insipid, dronish, matrimonial tête-à-tête, I am ready to be an active negociator in the business."

" But (said Mr. Barclay) you forget Mrs. Bailey's consent is a material preliminary ; and, to tell you the truth, I think you will find many obstacles not easily to be removed, for it is not at all probable a young woman of delicacy will so soon decide in favour of a man but little known."

" Ah !" cried Biddulph, interrupting him, " I neither hope nor expect that Miss Franklyn should give implicit credit to a stranger ; I only am anxious to *remove* any *prejudices* that she may have conceived against me, and that she will permit me to exert myself to procure such proofs of my veracity, as may entitle me to hope for her future favour."

" Those proofs you mention are independent of her (answered Barclay.) Justice

to yourself renders it necessary, and I dare say the young Lady in question has too much candour and good-nature to decide against any man's character upon doubtful evidence."

"Well, well, she has got the papers," said Manly, "and will judge for herself. Nothing is well done that is done precipitately; let her have time for consideration, and hope for the best."

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

THE next day Mr. Biddulph found himself considerably better, the swelling of his leg was abated, the sprain of less consequence than he apprehended, and as a prospect of hope dawned upon him from the friendly efforts of the good-humoured Doctor, the state of his mind had its usual effects on the body, and the inflammation of his wound was greatly decreased. This morning he received a visit from two or three officers, among whom was Lieutenant Oliver, who, having been sent on a detached service the following day after the affair between him

and Barclay, Biddulph had not any opportunity of explaining the motives for that Gentleman's conduct, which had given Oliver so much offence. Fortunately Barclay was now absent; after the customary salutations, therefore, Biddulph expressed his concern at the disagreeable consequences on his last visit, and, having Oliver's permission, entered into a detail of his brother's conduct, and the melancholy catastrophe. The Lieutenant was a man of honour; he was extremely mortified that so near a relation should have acted so unworthily, and frankly acknowledged the provocation justified Mr. Barclay's severity.

"The unfortunate young Lady and her child being dead," said he, "precludes all possibility of reparation; but it becomes me to apologize to her friend for having wounded him in so bad a cause. The warmth he felt does him honour."

"And

“ And your resentment of a supposed injury done to your brother’s character was both proper and natural (said Biddulph, interrupting him :) Both were justifiable, and both being open to conviction, I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you reconciled to each other.”

“ I certainly shall make no objection,” answered Oliver, “ because I was the aggressor : But we came here, Biddulph, to acquaint you with a general credited report, which met me last night on my arrival at the Camp, and has thrown us all into the greatest consternation ; no other than that England has determined on offering terms of accommodation to America, terms which heretofore were rejected with disdain when offered by America at the commencement of the war, and which of course must humble us in the eyes of all the world.”

“ Any degradation, to the glory of our country and national honour, I must
I 3 ever

ever regret," replied Biddulph; "yet I must confess, I think peace between England and America to be the most desirable event for the future prosperity of both; and should any terms of accommodation be offered, I trust, they will be such as an indulgent mother may offer, without reproach, to her erring children."

"Ah!" cried one of the officers, "you will find matters have been carried too far for a reciprocal agreement to take place. Like family feuds, the near connexion between them heightens every injury, whether supposed or real, and the bond of affinity once broken can never be firmly knit again. The consequences of this war are so severely felt on both sides, that they never can be thought on without resentment and reproach." Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Barclay and Mr. Manly; the former started, and a glow animated his countenance at the sight of Oliver, who advancing towards him with an offered hand:

"You

“ You see me, Sir, ready to apologize for my behaviour when last I was in your company: I knew not then that I drew my sword in a bad cause, or that I should blush to acknowledge my relation to a man so deservedly stigmatized by you; I lament the consequences of my rashness.”

“ Not another word, my dear Sir,” cried Barclay, “ you behaved like a man of honour; the cause of our misunderstanding is of so painful a nature, that I wish to forget it; let the subject never be renewed, and we meet each other for the first time.”

Oliver bowed, they cordially shook hands, and then Barclay mentioned to Biddulph the report current in the city of the conciliatory terms intended to be offered by Great-Britain to the Congress. As the sentiments of the company on that subject could not be congenial, no observations were made by either party. The officers soon after took leave, and Biddulph declared his intention

of waiting on the Commanding Officer for more certain intelligence, as he could mount a horse without danger.

“Do so,” said Manly; “mean time I will pay my devoirs to the charming Mrs. Bailey. Faith, if it was not for the trifling considerations that she is old, ugly, and ill-tempered, I might be tempted to marry her, and become the guardian of the sweet Harriot; but then I should soon be persuaded to give up my authority, and have nothing to console me for the sacrifice of my liberty, without running the risque of being hanged for poisoning my wife. No, no, it will not do; I will employ my wits for your service, but my person must be sacred.”

“My dear Mr. Manly (cried Biddulph) do every thing your own way: I am convinced my cause cannot be in abler hands, only remember my happiness depends ——.”

“Not

“Not on *me*,” returned Manly; “I will have no charge of that magnitude: I will exert my endeavours to promote it, but the event must depend on others,” turning to Barclay, who seemed lost in a reverie. — “Come, come, my friend, don’t you be so desponding and inactive; turn the current of *your* thoughts towards serving your friends.”

“You are right (replied Barclay) it is the only way that points towards future contentment, and therefore, whilst you two proceed on your projects, I’ll visit Mrs. Smith, and see how she is situated.” Each departed different ways, appointing to meet again at the dinner hour, and make their respective communications.

When Biddulph came to the head-quarters, he found both officers and men extremely discontented at the news of a conciliatory bill being brought into parliament, and the probability of its taking place. — During their residence at Philadelphia and

its environs, the frequent skirmishes which had taken place between the British troops and the Provincials, and which had in general terminated to the advantage of the former, had raised a spirit of emulation and exultation in the English to a degree of enthusiasm, and those who had at first felt a repugnance to the war, united now in one sentiment and wish, to crush the Americans, whom they looked upon as a certain conquest that would crown them with glory. — Irritated to a degree of madness, they committed many excesses, and were loud in their murmurs that so much blood should be spilt, so many lives lost, and their honour sacrificed to the triumph of their enemies!

Biddulph, whose spirit for war had long since evaporated, who deprecated those dreadful calamities inseparable from the fate of battles, and whose most ardent wish now was a reconciliation between the mother country and America, heard the confirmation of the report with infinite satisfaction, though

though he did not express it openly, whilst the minds of his companions were in such a ferment, he contented himself with observing, "that, as doubtless the advantages were on the side of the English, he was persuaded the terms would be such as an affectionate parent could offer to an offending child, and that mutual generosity would produce mutual confidence."

He was informed that Sir William Howe had signified his intention of returning to England, and that the command would devolve on General Sir Henry Clinton. An event so little expected as the termination of the war, gave Biddulph great pleasure; he now felt that he could give up his station in the army without any reflection on his courage, or stain to his honour; he determined within himself to wait on Sir William Howe the following day, and declare his intention of quitting the service: "I shall then no longer be considered by Miss Franklyn as in arms against her country. She has no par-

ticular connexions here, and if I am so happy as to be approved of by her, with such a companion I can return to England, and enjoy true felicity." The picture his fancy drew delighted him, and, indulging in those rapturous ideas, he returned to Mrs. Nelson's, with a countenance illumined by hope, and a heart in unison with his features.

Eager to communicate his own feelings to the minds of his friends, Biddulph grew impatient at their stay, and was incessantly at the window to watch for their return. At length he perceived Mr. Manly approaching; he flew to the door to meet him. "My dear Sir!" cried he, catching him by the hand, "I am the happiest fellow in the universe."

"Indeed! (replied Manly, with a look so repulsive to his excess of joy, that it froze his blood in an instant, and struck him speechless) *indeed!* I am *very* glad to hear it."

Hope,

Hope, or pleasure, no longer predominated over the features of Biddulph as he followed Mr. Manly into the room, who, throwing himself into an arm chair, began to stroke down his ruffles with an averted eye, high discomposure visible in every turn of his face.

“ Speak to me, my dear Manly (cried Biddulph) speak ; do not torture me by this dreadful silence.”

“ And why (replied he) do you wish me to annihilate all that pleasure so expressive in your looks on my entrance, why oblige me to the disclosure of unwelcome tidings ? — ‘ Harriot then hates and despises me ; she refuses to be convinced, and consigns me to despair.’ ”

“ Neither the one or the other that I know (answered Manly) at least she has not expressed it to me, for I have not seen her.”

“ Not

“ Not seen her !” exclaimed Biddulph,
“ Good Heavens ! what is become of her ?”

“ Come, be patient,” said Manly, “ and I will have no reserves. On my arrival at Miss Franklyn’s, I was ushered into the parlour as usual. Presently entered Mrs. Bailey, with such a face—such a Medusa countenance—that I started up involuntarily : —
“ Oh ! your servant, Sir, your servant, a fine office you have undertaken, a very reputable employment, to seduce away the affections of *my ward* for a good for nothing blood-thirsty Englishman ! I tell you what, Sir, I tell you what, Mr. Manly, I will expose your practices throughout the town ; yes, Sir, no fathers, or guardians, shall open their doors to you—a base incendiary !”

“ How, Madam !” cried I, horridly provoked, “ have a care what you say, the reputation of a professional man is not to be sported with.”

“ Sir !

“ Sir ! Sir ! ” returned she, quite convulsed with passion, “ who cares for you ? How dared you to bring papers, a parcel of new-invented falsehoods, to Miss Franklyn, *my ward* ? I caught her in the fact of reading them, and was going to turn all the servants out of doors, had she not confessed at last that it was you, *you*, Sir, that requested her to read the infamous scroll : But you may tell your shabby employer I have got possession of the *stuff* ; she shall never see it more : If he presumes to come here, he shall be kicked out by the servant, and, Sir, you may go about your business, for I never desire to see you again.”

“ By your own feelings,” continued Manly, seeing Biddulph pacing up and down the room violently, with his clenched fist to his forehead, “ you may have some idea of mine ; yet I tried to suppress them, and to obtain a moment’s pause to be heard ; but the Old Beldame raged like a thousand devils,
and

and at length fairly drove me out of the house by her confounded clamour."

"Bullied into a fever, I rambled over the Common for an hour or two, to recover my temper before I visited some other patients; but I am thoroughly provoked, and would give a good sum of money to be revenged of this Tygres."

"So ends my dream of happiness," exclaimed Biddulph, with a heavy sigh; "that deceitful illusion of bliss, drawn by the flatterer hope, is now vanished for ever! Oh! Mrs. Franklyn, how could you be blinded, how could you consign your angel daughter to the capricious will of a malignant, unjust woman!"

"It signifies little apostrophizing upon what has been done," said Manly, "what we must now do, is to counteract her. Peter, tho' he can obtain no entrance, may afford some useful hints; my servant is a clever fellow."

"I

"I have a servant," cried Biddulph, on whose affection and fidelity I may place confidence; if courage, activity, and a good heart, is necessary towards the conduct of any enterprise for my service, I can depend upon Andrew; but I have no idea that it is possible to deceive a watchful, enraged woman, who undoubtedly has some secret motives for her strong dislike of me, with which we are unacquainted."

"The principal, I believe," replied Manly, "is a wish to retain Miss Franklyn and her little fortune under her command: But, however, if my servant, or your's, can get access to either of the female ones in the house, a little love, and a tolerable bribe, may make a friend there, the consequence must be in our favour."

"How good you are, my dear Manly," said Biddulph, "to interest yourself thus for a stranger!"

"No

“ No compliments,” returned the other ;
“ I have the highest respect for Mr. Barclay,
and I well know he would esteem no man
upon light grounds ; your countenance is
also a letter of recommendation which has
seldom deceived me ; your memoir I implicitly believe. Added to all this I am personally insulted by that Old Vixen, and having so many motives to stimulate me, no endeavours of mine shall be wanting to serve you, and mortify her, and this without either fee or reward.”

Mr. Barclay returned, and was admitted to the consultation, by which a plan was formed, and Andrew called in to receive his instructions. After this Mr. Barclay said, he had called on Mrs. Smith ; I found her most comfortably settled in point of attention, and every other accommodation that friendship can bestow ; but a heavy dejection seems to have taken fast hold on her spirits, and her friends complain that she takes little or no food. I remonstrated with her (added he)

on

on the indulgence of useless and painful retrospections that must destroy her peace ; but I saw it had very little effect, for, with a heavy sigh, she said, " My dear Sir, I have a due sense of your undeserved kindness, but unless you can give me a lethean draught to drown all remembrance, the past must ever be present to my thoughts, and embitter every hour of my life." Her melancholy situation has entirely disarmed all *my* resentment against her, and I feel really interested for the recovery of her peace. I find she still entertains hopes of hearing some account of her worthless husband, and as she cannot be undeceived with respect to her claims upon him, without adding considerably to her distress, I was silent on the subject that seemed nearest to her heart."

Biddulph was sorry for this unhappy and abused young woman, and execrated the villain who had eventually destroyed the peace of so many persons ; for he could not help accusing

accusing him as the primary cause of all the melancholy and disagreeable occurrences which had afflicted himself.

Whilst he was revolving some painful scenes in his mind, letters arrived from England, and he had the pleasure of receiving one from his worthy friend Mr. Barrow, which, being long and circumstantial, is inserted as follows.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

THE REVEREND MR. BARROW,

TO

HENRY BIDDULPH, ESQ.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

MRS. BARROW and myself received your kind letter with much pleasure, and rejoice to find that, like a reasonable being, you resign to the dispensations of the Almighty, and learn to be thankful for the good you enjoy, without repining sinfully
after

after those blessings, which, doubtless, for the wisest purposes, were recalled from you. The placid stile of your letter has contributed much to our contentment, and the dispositions of Government towards a reconciliation with America, lessens our regret at the situation you have chosen, in the pleasing hope of seeing you soon restored to your native country.

“ I have the pleasure to tell you, that your estate is in the most prosperous way imaginable, and as you are determined not to exceed the limited sum you appropriated for your expences whilst abroad, you may look to have a handsome accumulation on your return. It is now about a fortnight since that I took a little journey to survey the improvements, and settle some business with your tenants. Within a mile of the village, nearest to your former residence, I overtook the friendly Doctor, who had attended you, and behaved with so much subsequent kindness. We presently recognized each other, and
cordially

cordially shook hands. We rode on together to the good farmer's, your old friends. On the way he told me great alterations had taken place at Lord Burley's; but as it was a long story he reserved it until we could talk quietly over a bottle.

“ On our arrival, the hospitable farmer rejoiced to see me; a thousand kind inquiries and hearty wishes were made for your health and success, both by him and his Dame; a bottle of fine ale was produced, and I reminded the Doctor of his story, which he began in the following words :

“ You know when Mr. Biddulph quitted the country, Lord Burley was entered upon a new course of life, and my Lady returned to her old amusements in London. Not long after she was there a relation of her's, a very amiable young woman, came to town from Nottingham to purchase clothes for her wedding; her mother, brother and lover, accompanied her. They waited on Lady
Burley,

Burley, who, in a fit of good humour, or for some other unknown reason, invited the Ladies to reside with her during their stay in town, an offer thankfully accepted; the Gentlemen of course visited daily the house. The young Lady, after some time, seemed to think her lover less attentive in his devoirs, and, after one or two obvious instances of indifference, mentioned the circumstance to her mother, who prudently advised her, by no means, to notice such little trivial omissions; that the numerous amusements in London, the variety of objects surrounding him, and the diversity of things which might occupy his mind, was most likely the cause of the inattentions she complained of; and that, as their stay in London would not be long, she would find his attachment return in its full force, when novelty no longer divided his ideas by a succession of entertainments, which it was extremely natural for a young man to follow. The young Lady appeared to be satisfied. Twice the day was fixed on for their return to the country, and as often the

the lover contrived to postpone it, which, as the wedding was intended to take place immediately on their leaving London, was thought a little extraordinary by the intended bride and her friends. She had too much delicacy to *urge* their departure, yet, from many observations that fell in her way, she had abundant cause to wish for it. The lover and brother, who at first were never separate, now saw each other but seldom, only when parties were formed for amusements, in which the family were all included: Lady Burley frequently made satyrical remarks to her young friend on the coolness of her admirer, and advised her to assume some consequence, and treat him with a haughty reserve. Pained to the heart by several conversations of this nature, she was one morning alone in the library, where dwelling on her disagreeable situation, she burst into tears, as her lover entered the room hastily, with a letter in his hand. He started at seeing her, and would have withdrawn; but as she turned full upon him, and

her disorder was too visible to pass unnoticed, he advanced, and coolly taking her hand, inquired, in a tone of evident embarrassment, though not of tenderness, "if any event had happened to make her uneasy?"

Roused to indignation by his manner, she replied, with some firmness: "If you, Sir, know no cause from whence my apparent uneasiness may originate, *I know* not that I have any thing to complain of,"

"*Me, Madam! me*, my sweet girl! how is it possible I should be acquainted with every little incident that may occasion you a temporary vexation? Pray, my love, tell me what you mean," added he.

"My meaning, Sir," said she, "is to return home within three days; but I have not the smallest wish to draw you from the scenes of pleasure in which you are engaged; on the contrary, you are free, for me, to remain in London, as long as you please."

He

He affected first to feel much concern at her indifference ; but as his looks gave the lie to his words, she rose in her temper, and answered him with equal scorn and haughtiness, that threw him off his guard, and he readily availed himself of the anger he had raised, to relinquish all claims upon her affection, and congratulate his escape from a temper so capricious and irritable.

He hastily quitted the room, and she threw herself into a chair in a most pitiable state. The spirit, which offended love and indignation had given birth to, now subsided, and she had just power to pull the bell, and then fell senseless on the floor. The servant who attended was much alarmed, and called for help. Her mother flew at the first summons; she was raised, and soon restored to her senses. Being led to her mother's apartment, she related the conversation which had taken place in the library ; observed to her afflicted parent, that she was now convinced her intended husband had ceased to have the smal-

left degree of affection for her, and that therefore the sooner she left town, the more conducive it would be to her peace of mind. — Her mother was exceedingly hurt, and much exasperated against this unworthy man. She applauded her daughter's conduct, and prepared to acquaint Lady Burley of their intended departure. One thing, however, added greatly to their distress, which was, in what manner to break the affair to the young Lady's brother, who was a man of spirit, jealous of the honour of his family, and extremely attached to his sister, apprehensive of the consequences between two fiery spirits, they were much puzzled how to act. — The poor young woman, though her heart was a prey to sorrow, yet, nevertheless, submitted to take the blame upon herself, and rather be thought capricious and unsteady, than endanger the safety of a beloved brother. This settled, the old Lady repaired to Lady Burley's dressing-room; hearing two voices answering each other in a low key, she was about to retire, when she thought she
heard

heard her daughter's name mentioned, and by her quondam lover, she stepped into a closet adjoining, where a few foreign birds were kept, and distinctly heard her Ladyship request, "He would directly leave town for a few days until the simple girl and her mother quitted her, as they would doubtless do, and to avoid the resentment of the brother, assuring him, that the moment she was free from such stupid guests, she would join him, and they might make a little tour to some distant part of the country, out of the reach of observation."

His answer was all rapture and acknowledgment, approving the plan, and fixing to leave London that very night.

The old Lady had now heard enough to convince her that Lady Burley was a most abandoned woman, and had seduced the affections of this young man from the woman he was engaged to, and who was at the same time her relation and her guest. She

retired to her apartment oppressed with the most painful sensations, and, whilst deliberating in her own mind what course she had best follow, her son entered the room. She started at his appearance, and he quickly observed something unpleasant had disconcerted her. He respectfully asked her the cause of the perturbation so visible? She endeavoured to recollect herself, and, after a little hesitation, told him what had been before agreed upon between her daughter and herself, of the change that had lately taken place in her mind.

His first emotions were surprise and vexation at his sister's fickleness; but he presently changed the object of his displeasure, and from the tenor of her conduct was persuaded, no light cause could have occasioned such an alteration in her sentiments. The idea of improper behaviour in her lover raised him to a pitch of fury, and he warmly insisted upon seeing his sister, and hearing from herself what those motives were that had

had induced her to break an engagement, and subject herself and her friends to impertinent and ill-natured conjectures among their common acquaintance.

The poor young Lady was lost in thought on this very subject, when her mother and brother appeared before her. He observed her with a scrutinizing eye, saw evidently the traces of sorrow in her downcast looks, and very abruptly entered upon his interrogations—interrogations she was but ill prepared to answer.

Endeavouring, however, to assume a composure she could not feel (she said) “There was no accounting for an alteration of sentiments; that since she came to town her’s had undergone an entire change, and therefore she thought it more honourable to decline the marriage altogether, than to marry a man, when conscious that she no longer regarded him with a decided preference.”

The brother was by no means satisfied. — He asked a thousand questions, which she answered in such a manner as to take all the blame upon herself, chusing rather to meet his reproaches, and incur his censure for levity and caprice, than to hazard his personal safety with a worthless man."

Pained to the heart by a conduct so unjustifiable, as he thought, in a sister, he readily concurred in *their* intended plan of quitting town immediately; but, to mark his displeasure, refused to accompany them, though he apologized for it to his mother. He left the room with a look of anger and contempt at his sister that wounded her very foul, struggling as she was with a disappointment most severe and mortifying. Her mother praised and consoled her, and, after a little consultation, they determined to quit London the following morning; in consequence of this resolution, they sent a servant to inquire if Lady Burley was disengaged, and

and hearing she was alone, the Ladies went to her apartment.

Notwithstanding her effrontery, the old Lady saw a guilty confusion in her looks, which passed unobserved by the younger one, too much taken up with her own distresses of mind to regard any object minutely. In a few words the mother mentioned their intended departure, without assigning any cause. Lady Burley affected to regret their determination, and asked, "If it could not be delayed?"

The young Lady said, "No; that their immediate departure was indispensable. She thanked her Ladyship for her civilities."

The old Lady caught the word, and looking fixedly, added, in a strong and very particular tone, "Yes, Madam, we are obliged for all your *civilities*; *my daughter, you know, has very great obligations to your kind consideration for her happiness.*" Without

waiting a reply, she courtesied, and left the room, followed by her daughter, who was extremely surprised at the pointed expressions addressed to Lady Burley, and the confusion that mounted in blushes to *her* cheeks, which she endeavoured to cover by bowing, as if she had received a compliment. The old Lady evaded her daughter's curiosity for the present by making necessary preparations for their departure. The idea of returning among her friends, unaccompanied by the man to whom they knew she was to have been united, the object of curiosity, subjected to ill-natured conjectures, and contemptuous pity, or scornful reproach, was truly mortifying to the feelings of this ill-treated girl. At length she resolved to accept of an invitation made to her some months before by my daughter, an old school-fellow of her's, if her mother could be persuaded to visit Lord Burley, who had often asked her to his house. The result of a conversation between them was, that the next morning they left town for Windsor, leaving letters for her

her brother, tending to deprecate his displeasure, and imploring his returning love."

At Windsor they wrote to my wife and daughter; the old Lady did not choose to visit Lord Burley, as he had no female relations with him, therefore she intended seeing her daughter safe to my house, and returning home to prepare the way for her reception amongst her companions, without being the object of particular observation from surprise and curiosity. My family, however, warmly invited *both* Ladies, and on their arrival insisted upon the mother's continuing with us. A day or two after they had been at our house, the old Lady communicated to us every particular I have related, which I put upon paper, resolving to acquaint you with it on your next visit to the tenants; but a sudden and melancholy catastrophe called me from home at the very time you came last into the country.

The Ladies had been with us near a week, when one evening I received an express from a surgeon in town, acquainting me that a Gentleman, naming him, had been that morning desperately wounded in a duel; that he had been called in to his assistance, and as it was impossible to say what might be the event, he had requested permission to inform his friends of his situation; in consequence of which permission from him, he thought it necessary to say, "that those friends, nearly connected, would do right to set off without delay."

I was extremely concerned in what manner to break this painful intelligence to our friends, and at length left it to my wife. — "Women," as an eminent writer says, "have their female roundabouts, and modes of doing things by degrees better than suits the bluntness of men;" yet not all our caution could prevent the most terrible effects; the old Lady had several fits, and the young one wrung her hands in silent agony, with such
dreadful

dreadful sighs, as were much more affecting than any bursts of sorrow: However, the moment reason resumed her seat they resolved to set off for town. Their situation would by no means admit of their going alone; I therefore wrote to a friend of mine in the next village to attend for me, and with my daughter accompanied the Ladies to town. It was the following day that you came here (continued the Doctor) and I missed the pleasure of seeing you. On our arrival we found the young man not worse; but a ball had lodged in his hip-joint, which could not be extracted, and if he recovered, there was little doubt of his being lame for the remainder of his life. When he saw his mother and sister, their agonies, and beheld the silent wild sorrow of his sister, who gazed on him without speaking, he was greatly shocked: 'Be comforted, my dearest mother; compose yourself, my dearest Jane, I know all; I have punished the villain, and for that infamous woman.' —

The

The young Lady started; the mother, though drowned in tears, stopped him: —
“ O, name her not,” cried she.

But the sister had caught the word, and wildly exclaimed, “ Villain! woman! what woman? Tell me, tell me, what woman?”

No evasion would do to calm her, and my daughter was obliged to repeat the conversation her mother had overheard between her quondam lover and Lady Burley; after which her brother, at intervals, related the subsequent events. He said, “ that for two days he had been in continual search of the Gentleman, and was at last informed he had left town, as he supposed, vexed and mortified by his mistress’s unaccountable change of sentiments. Strolling late one evening in Kensington-Gardens, he saw a carriage stop at the gate, and presently a Lady and Gentleman came out, ordering the carriage round to Hyde-Park. It was near dark, and he was leaving the gardens; but struck by
the

the air of the Gentleman, he stood aside whilst they went into another walk amongst the thickest trees. Following them unobserved, he discovered it was Lady Burley and the friend he had been told was out of town. This discovery still more excited his curiosity, and led him to a step, on any other occasion, very reprehensible, that was, to listen to their conversation; when, to his great surprise, he was convinced there was a degree of intimacy between them highly improper, and even heard his sister and himself held up as objects of ridicule, and the Gentleman triumph in his success of 'slipping from the noose of matrimony with a country girl, to enjoy the happiness of devoting himself to his divine Lady Burley.' "

Scarcely could he restrain himself from flying out, but he was alone, and such wretches he thought capable of any villainous act to screen themselves from detection. He heard the following evening appointed for their setting out on a tour to a private part of Wales, where

where they were to spend a month or two in a delightful retirement, by which time the disappointed girl and her friends might be reconciled to their misfortune, and they might meet and visit openly in town without much observation.

The brother had the patience to hear the whole of this strange scheme, and found that the Gentleman lay concealed at a small lodging in the Edgware-Road. He followed them to the gate, saw her get into the coach, whilst he turned up the road; it was now quite dark, and he watched him close until he saw him enter a private door belonging to a chandler's-shop. He went home boiling with rage. He wrote a most severe letter to Lady Burley, and taking a pair of pistols, early in the morning set off for Edgware-Road. — On coming to the house, he desired to speak with the Gentleman that lodged there. — “Tell him (said he) that I am sent by the Gentlewoman who is going into the country.”

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He was shewn into a little parlour in view of the shop, and in a few minutes the scoundrel appeared. He saw who it was, and started back ; the other went up to him : " I was in Hyde-Park last night, I heard, I saw all : This instant accompany me ; I have a brace of pistols ; if you refuse, I will kick you through the town, and post you and that infamous woman in every coffee-house."

The other wanted neither pride nor spirit ; he saw there was no alternative, and disdained an appearance of repugnance, because he was conscious of being the aggressor. " I attend you, Sir, in ten minutes," said he. He returned to his room, and within the limited time joined his opponent. They walked, without speaking, to the other side of the Serpentine-River, then took their ground, and agreed to fire together. They did so ; their fire on both sides was well directed, for the false lover received the ball through his body, and fell at the moment that the brother was struck just below the hip, the ball
flanting

flanting towards the joint. The report of the pistols brought two or three men to the place where they both lay, and where both might have expired, as they had no friends with them. The brother was able to speak. He directed them to carry his antagonist to his lodgings, for he still lay insensible, and himself to the nearest hotel; there a surgeon and his servant were sent for, and after the wound was dressed, the express dispatched for me.

“ This (continued the Doctor) is the story related to me at different periods; for he was not permitted to speak much, lest the exertion should increase his fever. His sister heard all without a word or a groan. She continued to gaze on her brother, and when he had finished his story, and addressed himself tenderly to her, she took his hand, pressed it to her bosom, then kissed it, but was still silent. At her mother's earnest request she retired with her servant, who had orders not to leave her. I went, at the wounded man's request, to inquire after the lover: I
heard

heard he was in great danger, and a Lady with him, who had never quitted him after she became acquainted with the transaction, by sending a servant to know why he delayed fulfilling his engagement with her : She then flew to the house, and regardless of all appearances, the world's censure, or the respect due to Lord Burley, she stamped, screamed, and did a thousand mad actions, cursed the author of her sorrows, and all his family, and when her rage a little subsided, by being told she injured the unhappy man, she threw herself by the side of his bed, and vowed never to leave him more. This account the mistress of the house gave me, very much dissatisfied with the Lady's behaviour. The surgeon came in before I left the house ; he told me frankly there were no hopes of his life another day ; in consequence of which I quickly returned, and found it necessary to put in bail for my friend. But let me hasten to conclude, for I have been already too prolix, and the catastrophe is too dreadful to dwell upon.

“ That

“ That very night the unfortunate victim of Lady Burley’s infamous passion expired ; she was seized with fits, and carried home, where an express was sent off to my Lord. His unfortunate survivor, whose rage and resentment expired with the object of it, felt a deep regret for the melancholy event that had cut off a young man in the hey-day of his passions, very unprepared for the awful tribunal he must appear at.

“ Oh ! what have not those women to answer for, who indulge in luxury and licentiousness, forgetful of what they owe to their fame, family, and the world ; grow bold in vice, and, by their shameful irregularities, destroy the peace of innocent persons, bring down everlasting curses upon their heads, and having irreparably injured the happiness of others, live, perhaps, to an advanced age of scorn and reproach, despised by their former associates, and shrinking with horror from a retrospection of their past lives !

“ But

“ But to return : By the thoughtless imprudence of a servant, the unhappy young Lady heard the death of this young man mentioned, and was immediately seized with a violent hysteric laugh, which held her for several hours, until, being quite exhausted, she lay to all appearance lifeless. Her mother supposed her dead, and was almost distracted. Alas ! she revived to give her a more poignant, a more heart-rending lasting sorrow, for in a few hours she began to talk incessantly and wildly. Every assistance was procured, every medicine tried, to no purpose ; the wildness of her madness was subdued, but her reason never returned, and to this hour she remains a melancholy victim to Lady Burley’s wickedness and art.

“ The deep affliction of her distressed parent and brother cannot be described ! — He recovered very slowly ; the deceased’s friends being informed of every particular, and the unhappy young man on his death-bed having taken the whole blame upon himself,

himself, and exculpated his antagonist, no prosecution ensued. The moment he could bear the journey, the miserable parent returned home with her son and unfortunate daughter, who continues in the same lamentable way, a source of infinite sorrow to her family. Her brother is recovered beyond expectation, but overwhelmed with melancholy for the loss of his sister, and the death of a once much valued friend by his hand!"

Lord Burley came to town on being sent for to his Lady, and there heard the whole of her infamous conduct. As soon as she was tolerably recovered, he compelled her to return with him to the country where he and the good vicar constantly set before her the enormities of her past life, and the fatal consequences of her vices; they endeavoured to inspire her with repentance and reformation; but depraved and incorrigible, when the first emotions of grief and a transitory penitence, or rather regret, was blown off, she resumed her usual haughtiness, and in
less.

less than three months from the death of the former object of her passion, she eloped with an attorney's clerk in the next village, taking with her all her jewels, valuables, and to a large amount in money and bills, by opening her Lord's cabinet, who, on discovering the transaction, would neither have her pursued, nor named the value of what she had taken; but it threw the gout into his stomach, and carried him off in about ten days after. His nephew came down to take possession as heir at law, and is obliged to pay her a jointure of two thousand a year. The last accounts from her was, "that she resided with her gallant at Brussels, revelling in riot and luxury."

Here the Doctor concluded his long story, which had inspired me with horror and detestation for that wretch, unworthy the name of woman, who will doubtless one day suffer severe retribution for her crimes, even in this world. May her punishment *end here*, wicked as she is! I had the pleasure to hear Lord
Burley's

Burley's conduct had been uniformly good and exemplary to the hour of his death, and I hope atoned for all his former errors. I staid three days at the farmer's, settled with your tenants, and left every thing in a very prosperous state. I flatter myself now, from the revolution in the plans of ministers, that I shall soon see you in England, and deliver up my stewardship to your satisfaction. Mrs. Barrow joins cordially in the same hope, and best wishes for your health and happiness. This enormous large packet goes by a friend that is on official business. May Heaven preserve you, my dear friend, and may a re-established peace soon restore you, and all our countrymen, to the bosom of your families and friends,

Prays your faithful humble servant,

ROBERT BARROW."

This long and interesting letter gave great pain to Mr. Biddulph; it recalled scenes to his

his remembrance ever attended by sorrow and remorse.

“ That detestable woman (cried he) cannot long triumph in wickedness, nor revel in luxury, impending misery hangs over her, and she will soon experience that riot and intemperance is productive of want, shame, and contempt !”

Manly and his friend, who had taken a ramble in the garden whilst Biddulph perused his letter, now returned, and observing his dejection, sought to raise his spirits by repeating some laughable anecdotes relative to Mrs. Bailey, whose various schemes to get married had subjected her to much ridicule.

“ I am told (cried Manly) that she is a little inclined towards the Moravian sect, and as, though they honour a life of celibacy, they do not absolutely prohibit matrimony ;

it is a mighty convenient resource for her, should she prove at last unsuccessful; their tenets will ensure her regard as a single woman, and does not entirely cut her from all hope of one day captivating an old bachelor of the same persuasion, if she should take it in her head to reside at Bethlehem.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

THEY were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Nelson, followed by Mrs. Edey: "A Lady desires to see Mr. Biddulph," said the former, and retired. He rose up, a good deal surprised, to receive his guest.

"How dost thee do, friend?" asked she; but looking round, "Thee hast company I see." Barclay and Manly took the hint, and withdrew. Biddulph respectfully handed her to a chair.

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“ I am grieved verily to see thee look so poorly : I had information of the accident, and was sorry for thee. Pray, dost thee know any of the friends near Staten-Island ? ”

“ Two of the worthiest of human beings, replied Biddulph with vivacity, animated by the pleasing recollection. “ Yes, Abraham and Rebecca are my preservers and friends.”

“ Well (returned she) they speak very kindly of thee. I have a letter from friend Rebecca, who, knowing thy people, had possession of this city, desireth me to learn tidings of a young man calling himself Biddulph, for whom she professeth great good will. My husband being gone to Chester, I delayed not coming unto thee with her greetings. Verily, friend, if thou wouldst turn from the paths of wickedness, quit the company of the profane, and cleave unto us, I know not where my soul would seek a dearer friend ; thee should be unto me
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the beloved of my heart ; I would love thee, yea, verily I would love thee, like unto mine own, if thou wouldst become one of the faithful."

Biddulph found himself more embarrassed than ever he had been in his life. The zealous Quaker eagerly gazed upon him with the eyes of affection and agitation, no doubt caused by her zeal for his conversion. As the friend and correspondent of Rebecca, he could have worshipped her ; but he saw very plainly they had different minds, and he dared not express himself too warmly obliged for her friendly wishes, lest he should be *overpowered* by her kindness ; and on the other hand, he dreaded to exasperate her by a cool politeness, lest she should represent him in an unfavourable light to Abraham and Rebecca.

" Thee art silent (continued she) peradventure thee art considering ; thee dost well. I will assuredly look to thy worldly advantages,

tages, if thou consentest to my desires, thou shalt become one of us ; the brethren will rejoice in thee, friend Rebecca will applaud thee, and in me thou shalt find a sister, or, -- a -- friend, after thine own heart."

"Your temptations, Madam (replied Biddulph) are too powerful to be resisted altogether, neither can I decide at once ; but you have confused and puzzled me, and were I to see you, to hear you often, *I fear for myself.*" These equivocal expressions delighted Mrs. Edey.

"Verily then, *thou shalt* see me often ; I will speak the words of persuasion to thy heart, and I will give thee the sisterly kiss of peace." She rose instantly from her chair, and offered her face to the lips of Biddulph, who extremely confused, yet diverted, accepted the offered token with much acknowledgment, at the same moment that Manly returned into the room.

"So,

“ So, so (cried he, maliciously) here’s a junction indeed ! Bless me, friend Edey, how can you trust yourself with a *young* fellow, and one of the ungodly too ? Thy husband will give into wrath ; it will be the vexation of the spirit with a vengeance, if his spouse bestoweth her chaste salutes on one of the unfaithful, and a stranger to the yeas and nays.”

“ Thee art a profligate man (answered she, mortified and provoked) thee puttest false constructions on my designs : I have performed the request of a friend, in giving this young man a sisterly salute. *I* will remember thee to Abraham and Rebecca. *Thee* wilt do well to remember what I have told thee, and if thou wishest to commune on paper to thy friends, bring thy letter to my house at the *proper hour* :” Then nodding her head with a look of kindness at Biddulph, she pulled her hood over her face, brushing by Manly with an erect air of scorn and anger. The instant she had left the

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room,

room, he rallied Biddulph most unmercifully on his kind sister, and begged pardon for coming in so mal-a-propos.

“ Indeed (said he) I was heartily glad to see you, for in truth I found myself in an awkward situation, as I should be extremely loth to give her any offence that might, through misrepresentation, prejudice the amiable Quakers against me : Persons whom I love and honour so much, that a small relaxation, in some of their particular tenets, would induce me to prefer *their* modes beyond all others. Simplicity of manners, purity of heart, an extended benevolence, and charity to all men, of whatever persuasion, and a strict performance of the golden rule, ‘ Do as thou wouldst be done unto,’ are the characteristics of those good creatures ; and it is the purest satisfaction to me, that the ravages of war have spared people who are an honour to human nature.”

“Why,

“Why, you are in raptures (cried Manly) the holy kiss has certainly conveyed great animation to your almost lifeless form.”

“No, my friend (replied Biddulph) it is the subject that warms me, and the remembrance of kindneſſes, ſuch as never can be thought on without delight and gratitude.”

“Well, but granting your good Quakers every virtue you attribute to them, (returned Manly) you ſee there are ridiculous characters among them, enough to counterbalance, if not outweigh, the amiability of your friends; how then does that ſpeak ſo ſtrongly in favour of their religious principles?”

“And why (answered Biddulph) ſhould it militate againſt them? Is there any form of worſhip that has the power to make all its profeſſors good and virtuous? Is there not bad principles, and depraved hardened hearts, inſenſible to goodneſs, who ſhut their ears

against the voice of the charmer, charm she never so wisely ?' And shall these miserable, unhappy beings make *us* less sensible of the beauty and sublimity of religion ? Are we not told, that plainness and simplicity, virtue unadorned by superficial glare, the heart where honour, integrity, charity and benevolence, resides, is the offering most acceptable to the Divine Being ?"

"Doubtless," replied Manly ; "but are those virtues confined to the Quakers only ?"

"God forbid !" cried Biddulph, "to no nation, to no form of worship, is goodness confined. The Omnipotent has declared his Will to all nations, his Divine precepts are the essence of all religious institutions, and the man who adheres to them, whose actions illustrate his obedience to the laws of God, is the truly good man, under whatsoever form of worship he may offer up his adorations : But in those good Quakers I have mentioned, there is so much real goodness,

ness, such unaffected piety, such beautiful simplicity in their words and actions, their dress so correspondent to the purity of their minds, that I defy any man to reside with them without feeling an enthusiasm in their favour. As to Mrs. Edey, though a correspondent of Rebecca's, she is certainly a very different character, corrupted, perhaps, by a constant intercourse with the world; whilst the others, retired from the multitude, live to themselves, and in the practice of domestic virtues, extended benevolence, and charity to the unfortunate of all persuasions, find that peace and happiness, which the world can neither give nor take away."

"Upon my word," cried Manly, "I should much sooner imagine you was a puritan, or a methodist parson, than a young soldier. For Heaven's sake, how came you to chuse the trade of blood, as the gentle Mrs. Bailey calls it? certainly you ought to have taken the gown."

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"A

“ A wish to get rid of myself, and to fly from scenes that continually upbraided me with my errors, guided my choice,” replied Biddulph. “ Reflection and repentance have given birth to sentiments and observations, that possibly might have escaped me in happier situations ; a proof that misfortunes are profitable lessons, though painful to attain ; and, although I am not yet five-and-twenty, I have acquired fifty years experience in a very short acquaintance with the world, which, I trust, will be of service to me in future.”

“ I give you due credit (said Manly) for your just way of thinking ; but, my friend, you have hardly escaped from one source of vexation before you tumble into another ; and your susceptible heart having taken fire from a pair of bright eyes, the difficulties thrown in your way, has clouded your mind, and tinged it with melancholy ; but prithee shake it off ; I am the laughing philosopher, and have hitherto rubbed through the world,

I trust, without crimes to answer for ; but follies innumerable, which I laugh off, and not expecting perfection in others, throw no veil over my own frailties, for hypocrisy and duplicity are to me the most detestable of all vices."

The entrance of Andrew stopped Mr. Bidulph as he was going to speak.—“ Ah ! your honour (said Andrew, with a look of satisfied consequence) we have done the business. Peter got hold of a pretty tight lass, who seemed glad to see him, and so I was very civil ; the jade had no objection to a kiss when I told her how pretty she was ; and so then she said, the old woman was sure enough going a journey, and to take away Miss ; but where she could not tell, for only Sal, her own maid, that she took when Peter was turned off, knew any thing about it ; and so then we asked her to take a letter for Miss, and she said, *that* she could not do, for Mrs. Bailey made her take her Bible oath to bring no letters nor messages, and she could not
risk

risk her poor soul ; but she would try to get out all she could of Sal, and call upon Peter here, for she did not swear to carry nothing *out* of the house ; and so now, Sir, your honour will know all about it, and, if you'll let us, I'll soon get a few comrades to storm the house, and bring Miss off a prisoner, that she may have her liberty at once."

Biddulph smiling, thanked Andrew for his offer ; but told him, " he must be guilty of no rash actions in the city. Should the young woman call here, let me see her, and that is all the service I require of you for the present, Andrew, except to reconnoitre the house now and then (added he) that they may not steal a march upon us."

" Never fear, your honour (answered Andrew) I'll keep guard I warrant you, and look sharp to their out-posts ; if the enemy appears, you shall have timely notice."

Biddulph

Biddulph retired to rest with some degree of satisfaction that he had secured a friend in the house, and early the next morning he waited upon Sir William Howe, to acquaint him with his design of quitting the army, as at this period his services were little wanted, and there was a probability that the present disputes with America would have a speedy termination.

Sir William politely thanked him for his past services, and offered him a passage to England, adding, "that it was certain Commissioners were on their way to propose conciliatory terms to Congress. The event was uncertain; the British troops considered it as a disgraceful business, and many of the colonies were in a state of irritation not very likely to accede to propositions that must lessen the consequence they had assumed to themselves of being entirely independent."

Biddulph declined the compliment of a passage, and took leave of Sir William with
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the highest respect. Free now to act as he pleased, no longer to be considered in a hostile light by Mrs. Bailey, or Miss Franklyn, no longer obliged to witness such scenes of carnage, outrage and misery, as he had often painfully beheld, he returned to Mrs. Nelson's with a light heart, that presaged hope and brightened his future prospects.

On entering the house, Andrew met him almost breathless with eagerness.—“O, Sir ! thank God you are come ; now's your time, set off directly for the Common, the back door of the orchard will be opened if you knock gently ; but be gone, lose no time, mother Bailey is confined to her bed, the good girl Judah will open the door for you, Miss Harriot is always in the summer-house mornings ; you must not betray Judah, mind that, Sir ; but she did not swear a word about opening doors.”

Great part of this speech was repeated as Andrew followed his master into the street ;
for

for he had no patience to wait the end of it, but rather run than walked to the appointed door, where he knocked in extreme agitation. It was instantly opened by the girl, who immediately disappeared without speaking. He put the door gently to, and entered the summer house ; no one was there, and he now began to consider on the prohibition given by Harriet when he last saw her, and trembled for the consequence of incurring her displeasure. He took a pencil from his pocket, and on a scrap of paper wrote these words :

“ Deign, Madam, for one moment to admit me to your presence ; *your* safety, and my happiness, for ever depend on this important hour.”

This paper he placed on the table, and withdrew to the inner room. Near an hour, (an age to the impatient Biddulph) passed before he was blessed with the sight of Miss Franklyn coming down the walk. With a palpitating heart he shrunk from her view.

She

She entered the room, and in a moment he heard her exclaim : " Good Heavens ! how came this here ? What will become of me ? "

Biddulph could no longer contain himself ; but entering the apartment : " Forgive me, Madam, let the necessity plead for me." He could say no more. She sunk into a chair confused and agitated. He threw himself at her feet, and taking advantage of her silence, despair gave him courage to rally his spirits, and enter abruptly on the vindication of his character from the malicious aspersions of Mrs. Bailey. He mentioned his fortune and prospects, produced Mr. Barrow's letter, besought her to read, to consider of every thing, told her he had nothing now to detain him in America but his attachment to her, an attachment as fervent as it must be lasting ; that her fortune, in the hands of Mrs. Bailey, was not an object to require the smallest consideration ; he trusted his own would be quite sufficient to gratify every reasonable wish, and besought her fa-
vour

your as the only blessing to make life valuable in his eyes."

She heard him without any interruption, except obliging him to quit his humble posture, and seat himself in a chair. With down-cast eyes, and her cheeks suffused with blushes, she sat silently attentive until he ceased speaking, and respectfully entreated an answer.

" I should ill deserve the compliment you pay me, Sir, in this avowed preference (said she, timidly) if I scrupled to own myself much obliged for your generous offer; but a clandestine address, a private meeting in this manner, is so repugnant to my feelings, so great a breach of decorum, that nothing can excuse me if I give any countenance to it. My dear mother was pleased to give me to the guardianship of Mrs. Bailey, a woman, I frankly own, I can neither love nor honour; but still she was delegated as my protectress by a parent, whose commands will ever be
sacred

sacred with me. Without her consent I cannot marry until a distant period, and without her approbation I never will encourage any man's addresses."

" Good God ! Madam (exclaimed Bidculph) surely you carry your notions of duty too far ; your respected parent was deceived in the woman, whose avaricious views, perhaps, will be more gratified in the breach than in the observance of such commands. Let her enjoy your fortune, lovely Miss Franklyn ; be generous to her, and confer happiness on others."

" Not, Sir (said she, interrupting him) at the price of *my* reputation and peace of mind ; no, never, never will I disgracefully quit my country, and leave my fame to the mercy of invidious calumniators. My fortune, trifling as it is, is to me an independence. She may enjoy it with me for a time, she cannot deprive me of it ; nor do I owe Mrs. Bailey so great an obligation as
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to sacrifice it to her, for the precarious advantages I might derive from the partiality, or bounty, of a man, whose slender knowledge of me scarcely justifies to prudence the offer he has made, and who, perhaps, might hereafter repent his premature choice, as I might my acceptance of his hasty vows."

"Enough, Madam (said Biddulph, in a voice, and with a look of extreme sorrow) you have sufficiently explained your sentiments, and torn from me every flattering hope. You will not deign to investigate my character and pretensions. You consign me to despair, and tell me but too plainly, that I am hateful to you."

"Your conclusion is not just, Sir (replied Miss Franklyn.) I can have no cause to *hate* a person who has never offended me. On the contrary, I am obliged to you for many civilities, and particularly for the honour you do me in your favourable opinion. The memoir, given to me by Mr. Manly, I *did* read,

read, great part of it at least, before it was rudely taken from me, enough to elucidate the truth of your assertions, and to convince me that I am honoured by the distinction you offer me."

"Dearest Madam! (cried Biddulph, interrupting her) if indeed I am so blessed by your generous candour, as to obtain credit for my truth and sincerity, why will you so cruelly repress every hope on which my happiness depends? Mrs. Bailey's character is sufficiently known to justify you in withdrawing yourself from her protection, and the possession of your fortune will, I have no doubt, amply console her for the loss of your company, which her conduct evidently proves she cannot estimate justly."

"Mr. Biddulph (answered Harriot) hear me with patience, I will be very unreserved, because I will be decisive in my resolutions: Young as I am, the misfortunes that have befallen my family, the recent loss of
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an amiable sister, and a dearly beloved mother, have altogether given that serious turn to my disposition, that I have, perhaps, acquired more wisdom, a more rational way of thinking, and a greater command over my passions, than many years might have taught me in the days of prosperity. My sister's unhappy fate, who you well know fell a victim to a tender attachment, has warned me against the indulgence of a passion where any prudential reasons may be adduced against it; to comply with your wishes, I must forsake my country, I must give up my fame to the sport of malicious tongues, who not knowing you justly, may report a thousand things to the prejudice of both; the forfeiture of my fortune will have a giddy and a disgraceful appearance, and I must, in so doing, lessen my own consequence to myself, by being entirely dependent on your generosity. That fortune is not much, indeed, from the bequest of Mr. Ponsonby and his mother to my dear unfortunate sister, with the little *my* mother could save, I have near

seven thousand pounds, much more than is generally believed, or than I ever wished for. This sum will insure me a handsome independence, nor have I generosity enough to give it to Mrs. Bailey, forfeit the bounty of my friends, and debase myself both in your eyes and my own, by blindly following the impulse of passion; the idea is romantic and absurd, and as such I discard it from my mind."

"Dear Miss Franklyn!" cried Biddulph, impatiently —.

"Pardon me, Sir, for interrupting you. I have promised to be frank and unreserved, I will be so, though I may, perhaps, offend against delicacy. I will own then, your person, your conversation and manners, from our first interview, pleased and engaged my attention. The ill-nature and illiberality of Mrs. Bailey's representations by no means shook my opinion. She prevailed on my mother to forbid your visits, as I was sensible, in my then situation,

Atuation, that they were indecorus, I could make no objections: Subsequent events of course precluded them, and, though I will not deny but that I sometimes thought of you with favourable sentiments, yet the chances were so much against a probability of any renewed acquaintance between us, that I endeavoured to repress even a wish for it. Your unexpected appearance in this place surprised and hurt me on many accounts; it revived sentiments I wished to subdue, and endangered my reputation. — What passed in my own mind after we parted, is not necessary to mention. Mr. Manly's visit, and subsequent occurrences, you are already acquainted with. Mrs. Bailey has behaved very ill to me, but her improper exertion of the power placed in her hands, will not justify me in being guilty of any imprudence."

"Forgive me, Madam (said Biddulph) for interrupting you a second time. If I am proved to be a man of character, and tolerable

rable fortune, and you can honour me with your esteem, where will be the imprudence?"

"As an Englishman (answered she) the prejudice will be strong against you, though I have no such illiberal ideas, and as a young woman under age running away from her guardian to a strange country with a Gentleman, with whose family and connexions she is unacquainted, I should incur many disgraceful reflections that would ever pain me on reflection. In short, whenever I marry, it shall be with no attendant circumstances to be a drawback on my happiness. Mrs. Bailey's consent must be obtained, or I shall wait the period when I become my own mistress; the prospect of either is so distant, that it would be extreme folly to encourage your addresses, and keep you in a state of suspense on remote contingencies; therefore it must be most prudent on both sides to relinquish every idea of a connexion so very unlikely to take place."

"No

“ No, Madam (replied Biddulph) no, never will I relinquish my hopes, nor relax in my perseverance ; now that you have condescended to own I am not disagreeable to you, I am animated by the most delightful ideas of future felicity. No means shall be left untried to gain Mrs. Bailey’s favour, and if I must consider *her* as the arbitress of my fate, she is at once of consequence enough to engage me in the arduous attempt of doing away her prejudices, and of obtaining her approbation. O, Miss Franklyn ! if *you* will condescend to wish me success ; if I am not impeded in my pursuit after happiness by any reluctance on your side, what is there I will not attempt with such a reward in view as your hand ! And should I fail, my love and admiration will stand the test of time and accidents ; if no happier man supersedes me in your esteem, there must be a period arrive when you no longer will be subjected to the caprice of an unjust woman, and then I will presume to claim the reward of love and constancy.”

The lovely Harriot, overcome by the love and generosity of Mr. Biddulph, could no longer support the cool indifference she had assumed. She found the woman gained upon the heroine, and that the heart pleaded more powerfully than rigid propriety. Unable to repress her feelings in his favour, and with too much candour to disguise them, after a little hesitation, she said, "I am too much obliged by the sentiments you express, to refuse acknowledging, that if you *can* obtain Mrs. Bailey's consent, and my hand can make you happy, it will be a pleasure to myself to bestow it; but till then, this must be our last interview. Clandestine meetings are repugnant to my ideas of decorum, and might, by wounding my character, render me unworthy the distinction you honour me with."

As she rose from her chair, on concluding these words, Biddulph threw himself at her feet: "Forgive me, charming Miss Franklyn, pardon this last presumption, and I will be
every

every thing you wish me to be." He caught her hand and kissed it.

" Rise, Sir (said she, blushing) I cannot bear this romantic abasement; never lessen your own consequence by improper humiliation to an object you wish to place on an equality with yourself. Men (added she, with a sweet smile) are generally in extremes, and the too humble lover often proves the most imperious husband; but pray retire, for I do not feel easy under this situation, though I know not how you came here; but for worlds I would not have it known I had seen you privately, and therefore I am conscious it is wrong."

Biddulph requested to know " if Mrs. Bailey intended leaving Philadelphia ?"

She said, " She talked of a journey soon, but was entirely reserved as to the place she intended going, or the exact time. An accident of spraining her back (added she) has

has this day confined her to her bed ; but it will be of no consequence, I dare say."

" Is there no possibility (asked Biddulph) of getting introduced here by any of her friends?"

" I really know of none (replied Miss Franklyn ;) but adieu, Sir (withdrawing her hand from him, as he caught hold of it a second time) I have sacrificed enough to inclination, it is time I should observe the laws of prudence." With these words she hastily quitted the summer-house, and speeded towards the house. Biddulph remained a few moments to retrace the conversation, and gave himself up to the most delightful hopes of being esteemed by his charming Harriot. In transports of joy he retired, pulling the door after him, and seemed to tread in air all the way to his lodgings. Andrew was at the door in anxious expectation, observing his master's countenance as he approached.

" O,

“ O, God be thanked ! (said he, rubbing his hands together) God be thanked ! I see all is right, we have outwitted the enemy, and gained a safe post.”

“ Yes, Andrew (returned Biddulph, who heard his last words) I have to thank you for my success, and giving him a guinea, there is one also for Peter, and another for Judith. In truth, he would have given them *ten*, if the sum had been at his command ; but his cash was low, and he had not yet received money from the remittances enclosed in Mr. Barrow’s letter. They, good souls, were, however, very well contented with their guinea each, as they declared they would gladly serve such a good Gentleman without fee or reward.”

His two friends, Barclay and Manly, heartily rejoiced at his success, and observed, smiling, “ that he was quite a new man, for the ease of his mind had thrown so much animation into his countenance and figure,
that

that they had never beheld him to so much advantage."

"And yet (returned Biddulph) except in one point my happiness is more ideal than reality, for this plaguy woman must be coaxed or bought, and how to get at her, and open the battery, I know not."

"Well, for this day (said Manly) a truce to all schemes; enjoy by anticipation the pleasures of conquest over the confounded Vixen, and we'll drink a glass to your success, for you must dine with me, and see how comfortably an old bachelor lives." No objection was made to this invitation, and the Gentlemen spent a very pleasant evening together.



END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

